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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

REMINISCENCES OF AN INEXPERIENCED CLERGYMAN. No. III.

From Boston, after the expiration of a month I took the steamboat to New York by the way of Hartford, and visited the Asylum for the deaf and dumb in Hartford. There were 130 pupils; they obtain a good general education, and the knowledge of some particular trade. I was informed that there are 7 or 8000 of these unfortunates in the United States, and about 1500 in Massachusetts. The states severally support their own deaf and dumb who are in indigent circumstances. Many of them are said to have no idea of God. Though these fear when it thunders and lightens, it not from any conception of a superior Being; they expect to die like the beasts of the field, and perish forever. These notions, I should suppose, must be confined to those who have not had the benefit of any education whatever. The teachers are ten in number, three of them deaf and dumb, and receive salaries of from 500 to 1500 dollars. The fund of the institution is $100,000.

I passed a week in New York, and made myself familiar with all that is interesting therein;—its public buildings, its city hall with its bespotted marble steps—a desecrated place, seemingly used as a magnificent spit-box,—its Exchange, with its statue of exquisite workmanship and truth,—its churches, of which St John's with its lofty spire, imposing interior, and noble square or garden encircled by a costly and substantial iron railing, took my fancy far more than any other,—its Hotels,—but the Astor House was not there,—its batteries and parks, it gardens and refectories, its Museums, —its Hospitals,—its Colleges,—its rattling and numberless omnibuses, among whose inscriptions were the pleasing ones of Washington Irving, Alice Gray, Lady Clinton, Knickerbocker, Gideon Lee, North Star, and Rip Van Winkle. Among the strange sights of this strange city, saw such strange signs and symbols as 'Quackenboss, Wyncoop & Co.' 'Babylon—Islip—Patchaque Stage.'—Paid a visit to Marquand's Jewelry store, Gardiner's Furniture Ware house, G. & C. Carvil's Bookstore, Waldo & Jewett's Painting rooms, and the rooms of the Geological Institute,—which I note thus particularly, as every body ought to see them.

At mid-day, in the fifth story of a coffee house, taking a siesta after dinner, and snugly protected by the netting that enclosed our couches from the attacks of musketoes of monstrous size and alarmingly ferocious dispositions,—most blood-thirsty phlebotomists,—I am reminded of an argumentation carried on with most quixotic ardor, with an antagonistical friend, on the value of posthumous fame.

Threaded a multitude of streets on Sabbath morning with the same friend, to find the Jewish Synagogue and attend its services. After a persevering and wearisome search, ferreted it out, and dropt upon its steps exhausted with fatigue,—all to no purpose but to have impressed upon our memories, and by an Israelite indeed, the old and lost lesson, that Saturday is the Jewish Sabbath. A laugh at our stupidity and folly refreshed us somewhat,and we wound our way to Murray St, and heard the Rev. Dr Snodgrass (Phœbus what * * *) preach, or rather slept through his preaching—no fault of the sermon however. The physical man was down,—the flesh was weak, and also the spirit.

At Peale's Museum formed an acquaintance with two or three individuals of the serpentine species;—such as the Anaconda, the Boa Constrictor, and took a seat within the shell of a Sycamore tree big enough to contain a score of humanities. At the American was interested in the examination of curiosities upon curiosities too numerous to mention, and there witnessed the astonishing powers of the Hydro-oxygen Microscope, magnifying the skeleton larvæ of the Gnat, and the Hydrophilus or Water-Devil, which devours every day six or eight times its weight of insects—to two million and a half times their natural size, and thereby exhibiting to view their internal structure,—muscles and organs;—Washington Square, with its spacious and unique marble edifice or College, —The Park, with its public buildings and rural aspect in the heart of the city,—the Battery at its Southern extremity, with its fine ranges of trees, its smoothed and winding walks, and its seats for the weary or contemplative,—these are the pride of New York, and an attraction to strangers.

Crossed by the ferry to Brooklyn and Hoboken;—have much to say in praise of both,—especially the latter. It is one and a half miles to the latter, and the ferriage but six cents. Purchased a juvenile ride upon a circular railway for twelve cents,—walked through the fine avenue of trees stretching for miles, and forming a most romantic promenade along the banks of the Hudson, as far as Turtle Grove. The weather not proving good, were obliged to return, much to our disappointment, without visiting the tomb of the immortal Hamilton,—saw grape vines on our way, the most astonishing for size—one seventy feet in length, and covering the frame of a building thirty-five feet in breadth, for which it answered as a perfect shelter or roof;—and another eighty feet in length, forty in breadth, and eleven in circumference at the trunk. This was the Burgundy grape.

Next took passage for Philadelphia, where I tarried equally long and for the same purpose, —went as every body does, to the Fair Mount water works,—the mint where they cut 120 half dollars in a minute, and the mint-hopper throws out 50 at the same time, all stamped and ready for use;—was surprised to learn from the superintendent, that out of a thousand persons who had been employed in the different branches of the business, only two had been dishonest, and purloined money,—went to the Navy Yard to see the largest ship in the Union, and a big one indeed.

Was favored by kind friends with a trip to Pratt's Garden, a little out of the city, which is perfect in its way:—among other plants and trees, remember the Yew, the Banyan, the Cypress, Mocha Coffee, Rododendron, Arbor Vitæ, Juniper, Tulip tree, Wax-plant, Citron and Pine-apple &c.,—gave a passing look at the famous Penitentiary covering so many acres,—thought the Arcade, containing Peale's unrivalled Museum, and the Chesnut St Theatre, buildings of no common beauty,—admired much, very much the simple architecture of the United States Bank as well as the rich and superb facade of the Exchange. Chesnut Street is a fine street, though not to be compared for a moment with Broadway. The market in Philadelphia, however, is above comparison with any thing of the kind in New York; the former, moreover, has the advantage of an abundant supply of good water, in which the latter is sadly deficient. Philadelphia, however, is too much of a city of straight lines for my taste. Give me a little more up and down, round-about and twist-about. There is nothing so pleasant as to be lost once in a while in a large city. The Philadelphians and New Yorkers are as strikingly different as their cities. Of this and their peculiarities every body is aware. Baltimore is a fine city. I do not mean that it is more so than those already noticed, but it is more to the mind of a Bostonian, or one who has walked its streets for years, than any other city I have seen. It contains about the same number of inhabitants, is just about as irregular, and, in fact, is much like Boston. Baltimore and also Philadelphia, as respects the syren charms of woman, are said to surpass other cities. The chief objects of interest to a stranger in Baltimore, are Washington's Monument, Battle Monument, the Penitentiary and Prison, the Water Works, the City Spring. Within the enclosure of the latter is a monument erected to some colonel who fell in a skirmish in 1814. It is a small square shaft flanked by marble cannon, with four cannon-shot on the summit, and resting upon these a bomb-shell. In the vicinity of Washington's Monument, truly worthy of the Father of his country, is an extensive grove of ancient oaks,—one of the most picturesque spots it has ever been my fortune to behold. You cannot enter it with careless steps. You are awed at once by the grandeur of the old forest brethren, standing side by side, and lifting their crowned heads towards the heavens. Within this sacred domain, the flame of devotion kindles in the soul without effort,—unconsciously. One feels the truth of the following beautiful passage:—'In the woods is perpetual youth; within the plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign; a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years.'

Among other objects of interest, is the Unitarian Church, which is hardly equalled for imposing effect in the Union,—St Mary's College, which by the by is of indifferent appearance,—the Exchange, U. S. Bank, Custom House—one building—and in particular the Catholic Cathedral. On the different sides of the last, as you approach, your attention is attracted by the following passages of Scripture: 'Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord.' (Levit. xix. 30.) 'Now mine eyes shall be open, and mine ears attent unto the prayer that is made in this place.' (2 Chron. vii. 15.) 'We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness.' (1 Corin. i. 23.) It is hardly necessary to say that passages like these inscribed in letters legible at a considerable distance, produce a very solemn effect upon the mind. As you enter the Cathedral, a marble figure greets your eye, pointing toward the Holy of Holies, with this inscription, which it seems to sound in your ears,—'Adore the Lord in his holy Temple,' and another on the opposite side, with the following:—'He that shall violate the temple of God, him shall God destroy.' Back of the pulpit you read,—'Come ye therefore and teach all nations.' Many valuable paintings hang about the walls, all of which are described with great particularity by a female attendant. I was at the Cathedral on a week-day, and afterwards on the Sabbath. On my first visit had a somewhat singular conversation with the pious Catholic woman—who acted the part of a cicerone. She discoursed with incredible fluency about the altar, the paintings, the calendar of saints, the sacrifice of the mass, a belief of which she declared absolutely essential to salvation,—transubstantiation, the history of the church, &c. I told her when the current of her thoughts checked a little, that I did not know what she meant by the 'sacrifice of the mass,' which she deemed so indispensable. She undertook to explain; but her explanation left me in still greater perplexity and darkness. 'It is all essential,' said she with increased volubility, 'the church is built upon it—you cannot be saved without it.' 'But,' said I, 'we read of nothing of the sort in the bible,—the expression is not there.' 'The Catholic church,' she replied, 'is the true church—believe in this and you will be saved.' 'How do you know,' said I, 'that it is the true church?' 'O,' said she, 'it is founded upon the teaching of the apostles.' 'How do you know that? Have you ever read the history of the church?' 'No, I have not.' 'How then do you know?' 'The priest has told us.' 'Now,' said I, 'allow me to say you are in a great error. The history of the church I have read carefully, and can assure you that the Catholic is not the ancient, the true church. The true church is that now called liberal,'—said I, pointing towards the dome of the Unitarian church, 'there is the ancient and the true church.' She shook her head, and replied gently, 'No.' She argued moreover, from the universality of the Catholic church,—that it was the church of the apostles. 'No,' said I, 'in the first place it is not universal, and if it were, it would prove nothing. A belief in witchcraft was once universal. Does this prove its truth? Do you believe in it on this account?' At length she said she did not consider the Unitarian church a church. 'No salvation is to be found in it. If you are not a Catholic,' she continued, 'you may as well be a Unitarian as any thing else. There is no safety any where out of the *true Church*. After some time she relaxed a little, and said she hoped we were on safe ground, or rather hoped we were safe. We walked about the aisles and she recommenced her descriptions of some of the painted figures. At length she turned to me and said, 'But it is of no use for me to talk,—you do not believe what I say.' I replied that I believed all I knew to be historically true; farther than this was out of my power. Part of the conversation was quite amusing, for she was a quick-witted woman. I seated myself near the pew of the last of the Signers, Charles Carrol, while she stood in the aisle. Some of her remarks pleased me so much, that I quite forgot myself, and irreverently put my hat on my head, which she in a moment, as if her sense of propriety had been in a degree shocked, requested me to take off. Ere we left this singular woman, as my friend and myself stood upon the steps of the Cathedral, she said, though she could not think us safe, nay, must think us in much danger, she hoped we might meet again in another world, in the better country. I replied that I had no doubt if we sought diligently to understand, and to perform our duties here, she would find us there at last. With these words we parted.

Attended the Cathedral service on the Sabbath. Is was a most ridiculous piece of mummery. It was bowing like the bulrush throughout. The sexton was as ugly as a toad, and used much the word of command to strangers.

Lottery offices abound here,—Peale's Museum is worth a visit,—the Pittsburgh waggons, with their large breasted and fine-limbed horses,—powerful and high-spirited animals, cannot but attract notice. The Hotels of the most established reputation which it may be well to name for the benefit of some, are the City Hotel,—Beltzoover's,—the Baltimore Hotel and Houseley's or Hussey's.

Of our religious societies in the several cities noticed, as they were then, and have been since, nothing could be told that is not generally known. Yours, S. A. D.

We read that, in certain climates of the world, the gales that spring from the land carry a refreshing smell out to sea, and assure the watchful pilot that he is approaching to a desirable and fruitful coast, when as yet he cannot discern it with his eyes. And in like manner it fares with those who have steadily and religiously pursued the course which heaven pointed out to them. We shall sometimes find, by their conversation towards the end of their days, that they are filled with hope, and peace, and joy; which, like those refreshing gales and reviving odors to the seaman, are breathed forth from Paradise upon their souls; and give them to understand with certainty that God is bringing them into their desired haven.—*Townson.*

[From the Trenton Emporium.]

HE DIED.

In these two short but comprehensive words, we read the consummation of the brief history of man—man whose life is like a vapor; who appears a moment and then vanishes away. Thus terminates the career of the conqueror; he comes forth in the proud resources of his mind, marshalling his legions for the storms, and stirring up as with the breadth of the whirlwind, the hot spirit of desolating war; convulsing society; sapping the foundations of civil order; shaking the thrones, and kingdoms of the world, and opening the flood-gates of sorrow on mankind, that he may gather round him a little tinsel grandeur, and associate his name with terror. A little space, and in a corner of an obscure print we read—he died.—The troubling waves his spirit had invoked are still; and men contemplate what he was, and is, with a kind of contemptuous wonder. The man whose soul is wrapped up in ambition, toils his little hour for fame, and gains, if fortunate, the sum of his wishes; we hear his name sounded abroad, and on the next breath trembles the words; he died.—Then he who calmly reasons feels the small worth of titles and applauses that end in this. The rich, the poor; the grave the gay; the imbecile, the wise; the free-man and the slave; all conclude the chapter thus. But it is when death strikes near us and his arrows reach our own bosoms, that we feel the force of these expressive monosyllables. He Died, is written against the name of a relative, or a companion; and then we know that the form, the face, the every feature with which we have been familiar is hid away from our mortal vision forever—that the voice we heard so often and so gladly, we shall hear no more—that the mind which could charm in its developement of power and knowledge is no longer a tenant of the earth, and the heart that loved us will not beat again while one sand remains in the hour glass of time, or the pillars of the world remain unshaken. We seem to approach nearer to the veil that screens from our view the hidden empire of death—we ask ourselves, whither at this moment is the spirit of the departed? the involuntary answer is; where we shall shortly be. Strange that when death spreads among us his visible tokens daily; when he strikes so often into the social circle, and spares neither at the fire side, nor at the festive board, we should live in so much seeming forgetfulness of his existence. Well hath it been said—

'Man sleeps, and man alone, and man whose fate,
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
Endless, hair hung, breeze shaken, o'er the gulf,
A moment trembles, drops, and man, for whom
All else is in alarm; man, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm—and yet he sleeps
As the storm rock'd to rest.'

Growth of the Believer.—'The growth of a believer is not like a mushroom, but like an oak, which increases slowly, indeed, but surely. Many suns, showers, and frosts pass upon it before it comes to perfection; and though in winter it seems dead, it is gathering strength at the root.'—*Cowper.*

The Devil tempts every man, but an idle man over tempts the devil.

ON PRAYER—LUTHER.

Prayer, that inward action of the heart, will be doubtless always one of the points by which a reformation of the truth and life is begun; and whoever is conversant with the prayer-books and massbooks of the people, will recognize the necessity of practical instruction upon this subject. It is impossible, however, to translate Luther's energetic language; to select passages also is difficult, and when detached from their connexion, they lose almost all their force. But we will try. Luther saw around him the poor people plunged in an adoration of the lips, and says:

'When thou prayest, use few words, but many thoughts, and deep feeling. The less you say, the better you pray. Few words and many thoughts mark a Christian; many words and few thoughts a heathen.

'Formal and heartless prayer is that murmur of the lips, that careless uttering of words without any attention, which addresses men's eyes and ears; but spiritual and true prayer is inward desire, emotion, signs proceeding from the bottom of the heart. The first is the prayer of hypocrites, and of all who trust in themselves. The second is the prayer of the children of God who walk in his fear.'

The Lord's Prayer—Our Prayer.

The following is his commentary on the Lord's Prayer.

'*Our Father*'—Of all the names with which we approach God, none is more grateful to our feelings than the name of father. He would not have for us so much love and consolation if called Lord, or God, or Judge. By this name of Father, the bowels of the Lord are moved, for no voice is more amiable and efficacious with a father than that of his child.'

Who art in heaven.'—He who confesses that he has a father in heaven, recognizes himself as left upon earth. Hence there is in his heart an ardent longing, as of a child who is away from his father's home, among strangers in misery and mourning. It is as if he said: 'Alas! father, thou art in heaven, and I, thy miserable child, am upon earth, far from thee, in all kinds of dangers, trials, and sorrows.'

'*Hallowed be thy name.*'—He who is angry, or envious, who curses, or slanders, dishonors the name of God, in which he was baptized. Using for impious purposes the vessel which is consecrated to God, he resembles a priest who should make use of the holy cup to give a swine drink, or to gather up dirt.

[illegible] wealth, who build magnificent houses, who seek all which the world can give, and pronounce this prayer with their lips, are like the great organ-pipes, which sound with their full power and unceasingly in the churches, without words, feeling, or understanding.

Under this head, Luther also attacks the error of pilgrimages then so prevalent:

'One goes to Rome, another to St. James; one builds a chapel, another endows a Seminary to hasten the coming of the kingdom of God; but all neglect the essential point, which is, to become themselves his kingdom. Why do you go to seek the kingdom of God beyond the sea? In thy own heart it must be set up.

'*Thy will be done.*'—It is an awful thing for us to offer the petition: 'Thy will be done!' Where do we see in the church this will of God? Bishop sets himself against bishop, church against church. Priests, monks, nuns, quarrel, contend, fight, and there is in every place nothing but discord. And yet every party exclaims that it means well, and has a right intention; and thus to the honor and glory of God, they altogether do the work of the devil. —*N. Y. Observer.*

DIFFICULTIES OF VERBAL REVELATION.

The material revelation is universal. But we have seen, that with all the activity of letters, the zeal of the religious, and the circulatory aid of commerce, the verbal revelation is confined to a very small section of the human family. How few are the students who pore over *its* page! And even in that partial use of the verbal revelation, what difficulties present themselves from the 3015 dialects of this many-tongued earth. How few scholars ever become competent to translate! How few translations merit the *entire* confidence of the illiterate! how various the customs of countries! how peculiar their superstitions! how idiosyncratic their institutions! how obscure their histories! how different the national passions! Marked is their natural history, and individualized is their commerce. And yet these must all be known, so far as they relate to Judea; or the verbal revelation, which contains at least 20,000 allusions to such subjects, must be, just so far as ignorance prevails, a 'sealed-up fountain.' Now the material revelation has no such obstacles or defects. Its sense depends on no conjugations of a verb, on no inflection of a noun, neither on idiomatic anomalies nor rhythmic laws; nor is it modified by accents or prosody.

UNIVERSALITY OF NATURE.

After Europe has changed its languages 'ten times,' the terms of the material revelation are unaltered. Does Africa jabber in a thousand ruleless languages? Does Asia forsake her venerable tongues? Is America, the modern Babel, forming a new race of languages, from the refuse of the old families? Nature changes not *hers*: she owns no authority, she suffers no provincialism in her universal speech. The larks now carol the same song and in the same key as when Adam first turned his enraptured ear to catch the moral. The owl first hooted in B flat; and it still loves the key, and screams through no other octaves. In the same key has ever ticked the death watch; while all the three noted chirps of the cricket have ever been in B, since Tubal Cain first heard them in his smithy, or the Israelites in their ash-ovens. Never has the buzz of the gnat risen above the second A; nor that of the house-fly's wing sunk below the first F. Sound had at first the same connexion with color as it has now; and the right angle of light's incidence might as much produce a sound on the first turrets of Cain's city, as it is now *said to do* on one of the Pyramids. The tulip, in its first bloom in Noah's garden, emitted heat four and a half degrees above the atmosphere, as it does at the present day. The stormy petrel as much delighted to sport amongst the first billows which the Indian ocean ever raised as it does now. In the first migration of birds they passed from north to south, and fled over the narrowest parts of the seas, as they will this autumn. The cuckoo and the nightingale first began their song together, analogous to the beginning of our April, in the days of Nimrod. Birds that lived on flies laid blueish eggs in the days of Joseph, as they will two thousand years hence, if the sun should not fall from his throne, or the earth not break her harness from the planetary car. The first bird that was caged oftener sung *in adagio* than in its natural spirit.

Corals have ever grown edge-ways to the ocean-stream. 8,280,000 animalculæ could as well live in a drop of water in the days of Seth as in ours. All flying insects had on their coats of mail in the days of Japhet, over which have ever waved plumes of more gaudy feathers than the peacock ever dropped. The bees that afforded Eve her first honey, made their combs hexagonal; and the first house-fly produced 20,080,320 eggs in one year, as she does at present. The first jump of the first flea was two hundred times its own length, as it was the last summer. That concubinal sinner, the ursine sloth, who scorns at all the anathemas against polygamy, kept ten or twelve wives before Moses was born, as he will when we are forgotten. There was iron enough in the blood of the first forty-two men to make a ploughshare, as there is to-day, from whatever country or men you collect. The lungs of Abel contained a coil of vital matter 150 feet square, as mine; and the first inspiration of Adam consumed 17 cubic inches of air, as do those of every adult reader. The rat and the robin followed the footsteps of Noah, as they do ours.—*Bayley.*

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Egyptian relics have become so rife of late, that they have almost ceased to be objects of rarity. Travellers are now as much at home in the sepulchral chambers of the Pyramids, as amongst the buried streets of Pompeii. Egyptian idols are as well known to us as Greek divinities; the toilet and ornaments of a Pharoah's daughter are as familiar to English eyes as those of a Roman matron; the mysteries of Egyptian priestcraft are revealed as clearly as the miracles of the Roman Church; and English scholars read hieroglyphics as readily as reporters short hand. Mr Pettigrew, by unrolling mummies, has stripped them of their mystery as well as their bandages; and we see nothing but a bundle of rags enveloping the 'slovenly unhandsome corse' of some priest of Isis.

Yet though their novelty as mere curiosities has worn off, the interest and value of these relics of a long by gone age, as illustrations of the arts, customs, and habits of life of one of the most ancient and learned of nations, and their influence over the mind by the force of association, can never cease. A collection of Egyptian antiquities so choice and extensive as this, made by Giovanni D'Athanasi, (the companion of Mr Salt,) which is now exhibiting at Exeter Hall, has attractions not merely for the learned but the public at large. It is surely as satisfactory a sensation to the most ordinary observer to see and touch a comb or a hair-pin of an Egyptian beauty, whose ducky charms are quaintly effigied on the outer case of her mummy, as to handle a bit of the rope that hung a murderer. We are naturally fond of possessing actual objects that call to mind scenes and persons that we were acquainted with. A fragment of spar records a visit to the Peak; a bit of stone reminds us that we trod upon the summit of Snowdon; a cinder of lava, with a Neapolitan coin in it, is evidence of an ascent to the crater of Vesuvius; and we retrace our travels by the aid of the relics on the mantelpiece. With only a little effort of the imagination, the mummied finger of an Egyptian, or a sandal that trod the courts of the Temple of Thebes or Memphis, may be made to point to the Pyramids, and carry us back four thousand years—almost into the very infancy of the race of man.

The collection is particularly rich in sepulchral tablets of stone, with figures and hieroglyphics; and among several sacrificial stones is one of granite, with a trilinguar inscription in the Hieratic character, hieroglyphics, and Greek—a relic of rare value. Not the least interesting of the objects in stone is the porch of a tomb at Abydos, consisting of two jambs or door-posts and a lintel of calcareous stone, curiously carved with figures in relief, and painted. There are also two or three sanctuaries, as they are called—a sort of cupboard for offerings, of stone, curiously carved.

The statues of men and deities are numerous and various, of bronze, calcareous stone, granite, and alabaster. There is a small one of solid bronze, in remarkably good preservation, of a walking figure with a grotesque head, found at Thebes; and which is certainly one of the finest specimens of Egyptian bronzes that has been discovered. Vases and other utensils, and mummy-shaped figures in alabaster, basalt, and terracotta, likewise abound.

Among the arms and implements, are a 'mason's point,' in bronze; a war-hatchet of light and elegant form, and a sceptre, in the shape of a Corinthian column, and of the size of a constable's pocket mace, both of bronze.

The most beautiful among the trinkets, is a necklace of gold shells, linked by coral drops, of the most finished workmanship, very much in the fashion of the present day. The necklaces, ear-rings, rings, seals of gold, and precious stones and scarabei, amulets, and idols of cornelian, lapis-lazuli, and porcelain, make a splendid show of Egyptian *bijouterie*.

Among the mummies, are two of the most magnificent and curious that have ever been brought to this country. One of them is the mummy of a priest, the largest that has been seen, enclosed in four cases, each having a separate lid, highly ornamented with a mask and hieroglyphic inscriptions: the othe is a mummy of a female from Memphis, which was originally covered with asphaltum; but this being removed, showed the linen wrappings to be covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions. The lid of the outer case of the mummy of a lady of rank, perhaps of royal birth, is a most splendid specimen of gilding and decoration.

Not the least curious of these relics, however, are two child's dolls of flat wood, painted, and a toy sistrum. Who knows but a wooden doll or a fiddle from Bartlemy Fair may form one of the most interesting relics of England's glories some centuries hence!

Spectator (Eng.)

HONOR DUE TO AGED TEACHERS.

We shall never forget the flippant tone in which a young man once remarked in a convention of teachers, that a school master was good for nothing after he was forty years old. Such are not the opinions of the Germans on this subject, of which a more striking evidence cannot be found than in the following account of the honors paid to a veteran in the service.

John George Sulger occupied the humble station of a common school teacher in Baden, for fifty years, and on the 7th of January 1836, celebrated his jubilee of service. It was naturally to expect that friends and neighbors, and former pupils would take a lively interest in such an occasion, but in Baden, this interest extended not only to the school officers, but to the Sovereign himself. The Grand Duke expressed his sense of the importance of his services, by sending the golden medal, destined to civilians of peculiar merit, to this venerable teacher, accompanied by a letter from his own hand, (a compliment rarely bestowed by the sovereigns and great men of Europe,) expressed in the kindest terms. The Prefect of the district, and the school visitor executed this commission in a manner which touched all hearts. The school master was led in procession from the school house to the church, accompanied by vocal music from his pupils. The school visiter there presented him with the medal, with an appropriate address. He spoke of the importance of schools to family and State, of the improvements which had been introduced, and of the gratitude which was due to the prince for his efforts and aid, and concluded with saying that he hoped he would carry the image of so good a prince not only on his heart, but in it. The Prefect then presented the autograph letter of the Grand Duke, with an address to the audience which crowded the church, in reference to its kind expressions of interest.

After these ceremonies were concluded with prayer, a festive repast was provided, which was enlivened at intervals by vocal music in four parts, performed by skillful musicians, accompanied by cheers of applause to the prince and the gray headed hero of the jubilee from the full hearts of the guests. A spectator observes that every one who remarked the effect of this festival must have perceived that a deep impression was made upon all present, which increased their loyalty to their prince, and their respect for the profession of teachers, and gave new courage to those who were present, to devote themselves with undivided efforts to their important vocation. What a contrast is this to the spirit so extensively prevalent in our own country! 'He is an old school master,' is a phrase that with few exceptions assumes the tone of pity or contempt. Is it to be wondered at, that so few should seek to attain such an unenviable distinction? Is it to be expected that men worthy of the station should be found willing to occupy it on such terms in sufficient numbers to supply our urgent and increasing wants? Would that the great men and nobles of our country would condescend to imitate the example of an European Sovereign! Would that the parents of our country might be equally disposed to honor those to whom they commit the honor and welfare of their children.

Another practice in the countries of Europe most engaged in education, which is sometimes adopted in the northern States, and serves to promote the same objects and to give new importance to the school and its guardians, in the eyes of the community. We allude to the solemnities which attend the opening of a new school house. Surely, a building erected as a temple of humanity, an asylum for the preservation and culture of childhood, a nursery for the future pillars of the church and guardians of the State—deserves to be consecrated to its objects as solemnly and with as deep reflection as any which can be provided for human use. The following will serve as an example of the manner in which this ceremony is conducted in a German village.

In the village of Reichenbach, the solemnities at the opening of the new school house were recently celebrated. The teachers of the inspection districts were collected in full assembly. The pupils, teacher, and school committee of the village, met with them in the new building, and walked thence in procession to the church, accompanied by vocal music. The school inspector, in this case a clergyman, delivered an excellent discourse, appropriate to the occasion. After the termination of the religious service, the procession returned to the school house, and were addressed by the village pastor, on the objects to which the building was devoted. The impression was evidently happy upon all present—and the school house will unquestionably be regarded with more interest and visited with more affection and reverence in consequence of the associations produced by the solemn manner in which it was consecrated to its important purposes, by the most venerable and excellent members of the community, and by the general sympathy these ceremonies produced.

In reference to this, as well as many similar subjects, Europeans recognize, more fully and practically than we do, that man is a being of sense as well as of intellect, and that while it is necessary to enlighten and convince the reason, it is also important to avail ourselves of the aid of the senses, as the most direct medium of access to the heart, in order to impress

and fix these convictions. In the zeal of our reformers to escape from the excessive attention to externals in the church of Rome, they have reduced the forms of religion to a simplicity, nearly resembling the nakedness of a skeleton —and the same spirit prevades us too much, as a people, in reference to solemn ceremonies on other occasions; or at least those who are capable of devising and conducting such scenes. Those who can be wound up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by mere reflection and reading, do not remember that the mass of men have neither time nor capacity to embrace the same tones of thought; that they have not the same sensibility to intellectual objects; and that they need the aid of the authority of superior minds, presented in the tangible shape of public solemnities, in which they take a part, to give them the proper impulse in the right direction. We cannot better illustrate our meaning, than by referring you to the account of the ceremonies at the opening of the London school, and the festival scenes at Hofwyl. Let it be remembered too, that the skillful managers of insignificant and pernicious institutions and plans, and the advocates of falsehood, seldom fail to avail themselves of the aid of the senses, and that we ought not to allow truth and important objects to be cast into the shade, by depriving them of natural and appropriate ornaments. Even the Deity has condescended to render his own revelations attractive by the most striking ornaments of style and imagery, as well as to clothe the flowers of the field with beauty. Let us not seek to be wiser and more pure and spiritual than our Maker!

We cannot omit the opportunity of remarking how delightful is the effect of vocal music, in the open air, especially when conducted in several parts by manly voices. When it came from a band of travelling apprentices in the streets of a village, it has often led us, and other passers by, to stop and listen to it. The songs of the German students, in their nocturnal walks, have often made us regret that their voices were not tuned to higher subjects. The chants of the Catholic processions, although they were in opposition to our religious views, often touched us to the heart. And when such performances issue from a full choir of powerful voices, expressing noble and just sentiments, the effect was irresistible—and we could realize all that is said of the power of music.—*Amer. Annals of Education.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

INFLUENCE OF FASHION UPON RELIGION.

No. 8.

That the subject of repentance is presented more rarely now in most Unitarian pulpits, than was usual in former times will probably be admitted by all, who, with sufficient opportunities, have made the comparison; and in some places it may perhaps be said to have become unfashionable. Whether it ought to be so much the burden of preaching, as some have made it may be a matter of doubt in many serious minds. It may be thought, and if we may judge by the practice of some, it is thought to be the better way to delineate Christian duties as clearly as possible, and inforce them by the strongest arguments, leaving them to examine themselves by the principles laid down, and make their own inferences in respect to the guilt that may be chargeable to them, and their consequent need of repentance.

As Unitarians we should be false to our principles, if we did not in some way or other, direct or indirect, make repentance a principal object in our preaching. However we may differ from some others in our speculations on the origin of sin, we readily acknowledge that the world does in fact abound in moral corruptions and wickedness; that Christians in general, come almost infinitely short of the purity and excellence to which they should aspire, while innumerable multitudes are in a great measure destitute of those principles and feelings, which are the rudiments of religion and virtue. At the same time we believe that sin is the source of the greatest evils; that it is evil in itself, and nothing but evil; an evil for which there is no remedy, but repentance and reformation. As Unitarians therefore, we must, I think, wage an irreconcilable, an undisguised war with sin, in every form it may assume. Though the mode of warfare may be varied, I do not see how it can be consistently suspended, even by the shortest truce.

It may not perhaps be expedient to make repentance a frequent subject of a whole discourse, still less should we come out and attack particular improprieties of conduct immediately after some notorious example of them has occurred in the community, which of course would tend to harden rather than to reclaim the offenders; but if practical preaching, and especially that which relates to the heart be not followed up by interrogatories, or some pungent remarks, calculated to produce self-examination in the hearers, is there not reason to fear that those who are most delinquent will be the last to make the proper inferences for themselves? that they will remain impenitent, and perhaps unconscious of any defect, or any moral danger? If any think to please a parish for their good to edification by avoiding the subject and even the word repentance, it requires little of the spirit of prophecy to fortell, that they will be disappointed in their expectations. Those who are not ready to acknowledge that 'in many things they offend,' or at least fall short of their duty, are not likely to set a high value on the professional services of their minister, any further than they may contribute perhaps to their amusement. Not realizing that they need his instructions or prayers, unless it be for the sake of fashion, they will generally be ready to abandon the society on the slightest affront from any quarter whatever; and it will be no wonder if they leave it for the ignoble purpose of saving their tax, or subscription. Of course the object of retaining those parishioners, who would be offended by serious preaching is lost, while those who remain are less satisfied, and, what is more to be regretted, far less improved, than they would otherwise have been.

Another subject which I think is less urged at the present day than it formerly was, is that of Divine authority. I have here no reference to that absolute sovereignty, which some of our fathers defended in the doctrine of election and reprobation, but to the original and unalterable claims of our Creator, to our obedience in all the rules he has prescribed for the regulation of our lives. Can there be any error in urging the divine will, so far as it is known, as our supreme law; as the decisive criterion of duty, and the purest, the highest motive, under which we can act? If not, is there not danger of insisting too little on this fundamental principle of all morality, while we dwell too much on the personal advantages to be derived from virtue in general, or from particular habits of virtue?

In urging or recommending the spirit and practice of religion, it is well indeed to draw some of our arguments from the topic of utility. This was done by our Savior and his apostles, as well as by the ancient prophets; but, if I mistake not, it is becoming somewhat fashionable to give to such considerations a place, to which they are not entitled. The arguments for compliance with an explicit command of God sometimes bear too much resemblance to those, by which men are persuaded to engage in a secular enterprise, viz. the benefits accruing from it. The rewards in one case, may be more spiritual and refined, than they are in the other; but still it is worthy of consideration, whether they do not appeal too much to mercenary feeling, and whether this mode of inculcating the virtues be consistent with the fundamental principle of virtue, whether indeed it be not too great a concession to those, who seem to claim the prerogative of deciding for themselves, how much or how little they will yield to the authority of Heaven. I do not believe that any great proportion of Unitarian preachers are chargeable with the defect we are now considering; but the demand for such a forbearance in urging the Divine will as the supreme rule of life, seems to be increasing in many societies, and how soon it may become the fashion none can say. It is much easier to predict what will be the consequences of such a concession, should it be generally made.

Having remarked in this, and the last preceding number, on three particular subjects that appear to have become less popular themes of discourse, than they once were; I would now suggest the query, whether a similar change may not be observed between the social duties in general, and those of piety, in preference of the former, as also between the external forms of virtue, and those affections of the heart, from which they must derive their life and unvarying beauty. In this query, I would give no countenance to the charge that is sometimes brought against Unitarian preachers collectively, as insisting on nothing but the practice of honesty, kindness, and sobriety, or, in other words, a mutilated body without the spirit of religion. Of many I know this to be grossly untrue, while on the other hand, I am acquainted with no individual, of whom I should dare to affirm it. Still it may be asked, whether we do not generally devote too small a proportion of our time and zeal to the inculcation of those duties, which relate immediately to God, and those affections of the heart, which are the vital principles of all virtue. I am aware that a cursory view of our Savior's preaching, may seem to justify us in dwelling chiefly on the outward forms of social virtue. Such an influence, it is probable, some may draw from the representation of the ground of retribution contained in the 26th chapter of Matthew, 'I was hungry and ye gave me meat, &c.' It is however to be remembered, that the Jews in the time of our Savior, were extremely deficient in moral duty, while they were hypocritically exact in religious ceremonies, and this may account for such representations, as the one here referred to. I add that on a more thorough attention to our Lord's instructions, it will be found that he did insist frequently and most explicitly on the supremacy of piety among the virtues; and the insufficiency of every outward act, which does not originate in sanctified feeling. In this view we might quote a great part of the sermon on the mount. We are plainly taught that almsdeeds in particular will avail us little if not performed from the principle of piety; and when it is said, that so small a gift as 'a cup of cold water shall in no wise lose its reward,' we are not to overlook the qualification or condition, that it be given to one 'in the name of a disciple,' or in other words, from a sacred regard to our Lord and master. To think of establishing the social and private virtues without descending into the hearts of men, and tracing every thing to the principles of devout love and obedience, appears to me little better than it would be to paint the leaves of trees and plants, instead of applying to the roots the nurture that would give them a healthful color, as well as vigor and fruitfulness.

In conclusion of this number, and the series of which it is a part, I may perhaps be allowed to offer a few remarks on the morbid hunger and thirst for novelty, which is too apparent in many religious societies, and to which we are in danger of sacrificing more than the interests of religion will permit. The desire of satisfying this demand, may not only prompt some of our most promising young preachers to an intensity of study, fatal to their health and life, but what is far worse, it may lead many into unprofitable and delusive speculations. Fanciful theories will be among the most fruitful sources of novelty, and they are sometimes broached by those, who with a little more deliberation, would have detected their unsubstantial nature. Doubtless it should be the endeavor of the preacher in every sermon to bring forth things new as well as old; to vary his arguments and illustrations in such a manner as may give a kind of freshness to those doctrines and precepts, which may have been heard a thousand times, and which must perhaps be repeated a thousand times more, before they will cease to be indispensable to the moral safety of many hearers. It is natural indeed for us to be pleased with what is new, but still it is to be remembered, that old coins, if genuine are better than new counterfeits, and old silver than new copper, however pure the latter may be.

It must be the ardent desire of every Unitarian, who is deserving of the name, to see our numbers increased. Those who contribute their money or secular influence in building up or supporting our religious societies have our grateful acknowledgments; but there is something unspeakably more important for all to do, whether clergy or laity, viz. that of improving the religious character of mankind, in the strictest sense of the term. Our peculiar faith is not worth contending for any farther, than it tends to purify the heart and elevate the soul; to open those unbounded sources of happiness, benevolence and devotion. S. W.

[From the New Jerusalem Magazine.]

INTERCOURSE WITH THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

The October number of the American Journal of Science, page 66, Vol. xxxi, contains an account of supposed intercourse with the spiritual world, a notice of which it has been thought might be interesting to the readers of the Magazine. It forms a part of a valuable collection of philosophical and other facts, 'from the Diary of a Naturalist,' which occupies rising eighty pages of the Journal. The writer is evidently a man of scientific character, and one whose statements are entitled to the confidence reposed by the scientific community generally in the pages of the periodical in which they appear. The following extract contains all that we refer to. Mr Heckewelder was a minister and a missionary.

'While dwelling on the incidents of this interesting spot, I cannot refrain from adverting to a singular trait in the character of Mr Heckewelder, that of believing in the power of foretelling future events. He had lived so many years secluded in the deep forests, and had, in the eye of his mind, seen the Indians so often at their labors, and his visions had been so often verified, that he had insensibly imbibed a belief that the human mind may become so deeply impressed with the approach of future events, as to predict their arrival with certainty. From certain occurrences, he was led to believe that he was himself possessed of this faculty: whether he acquired it from the dreamy kind of life he led in the wilds of the Tuscarawas, or from actual intercourse with spiritual existences, similar to those of Swedenborg, it will be difficult at this day to determine, but certain it is that many devout and pious minds have often been similarly constituted. The following singular fact I have from an ocular, and still living witness. During the early years of the settlement of the Ohio company at Marietta, Mr Heckewelder was a frequent and a welcome guest. He there found men of learning and taste, whose society was congenial, and where he could again enjoy the comforts and refinements of social life. While many of the early settlements were composed of the ignorant, the vulgar, and the rude, the colony at Marietta, like those of many of the ancient Greeks, carried with it the sciences and the arts; and although placed on the frontiers, amidst the howling and the savage wilderness exposed to many dangers and privations, there ran in the veins of its little band some of the best blood of the country, and it enrolled many men of highly cultivated minds and exalted intellect. Amidst such a society, Mr Heckewelder could not but pass his time pleasantly. He was himself a man full of the milk of human kindness; a great lover of horticulture, and all the beauties of nature, and much devoted to the study of the natural sciences. He kept for many years, at Gnadenhutten a regular meteorological journal of the seasons, and of the flowering of plants, &c., which was published in Barton's Medical Journal. From his thorough knowledge of the Indian languages, he had been employed by Gen. Rufus Putnam, as an interpreter, at the treaty which he held with the Indian tribes at Vincennes on the Wabash, in Sept., 1792. This duty had been accomplished, and the General had returned as far as the falls of Ohio, where he was detained by an attack of autumnal fever, then common on the Wabash. Mr H. had in the meantime returned by land to Marietta, in company with some of the Delaware Indians. The only intercourse then sustained between distant places, except for hunters and warriors, was by water, in canoes or barges. This journey had thus far been performed in a very light barge, built of cedar, and rowed by twelve men. As his fever had somewhat abated before Mr H. left him, and the season was now advanced into November, the General's family at Marietta were daily expecting him and were with great anxiety waiting for news. No news however could be obtained. Mrs. Putman, with whom Mr Heckewelder lodged, had become very uneasy and alarmed at the long delay of her husband, and it had been the subject of conversation before retiring to rest. In the morning, when Mr H. appeared at the breakfast table, he told Mrs. Putman with a smiling countenance, that he had good news for her of the General; and proceeded to state, that in the course of the night he had had one of those mysterious communications in relation to coming events, that had often been made to him during the course of his life, and which he had never known to deceive him. He said the General would return in safety on the 18th day of that month; and lest he should forget the day, he had in the night marked on the white-washed chimney by the side of the bed, the number, with a piece of cut money he had in his pocket. My informant, who was then a boy, and lived in the General's family, immediately ran up stairs and examined the spot pointed out. There he found the figures 18 plainly marked in the side of the chimney by the bed. This was eight or ten days before the prophetic time. The days were carefully counted, and as the period approached, many an anxious look was cast down the placid stream, in search of the coming barge, when lo! on the appointed day, in the morning, the boat reached the landing at 'Campus Martius,' the name of the stockaded fort at Marietta, with the General and all the party in safety.'

We are far from placing confidence in the numerous extravagant and irrational representations of things of this sort, sometimes met with among the less enlightened classes of the community, and which are evidently either gross fabrications got up for effect, or the distorted productions of a disordered imagination, though a belief in them, is often attributed to those who acknowledge the doctrines of the New Jerusalem, by such as are accidentally or perversely ignorant of what these doctrines teach. Still there can be little doubt that a disposition to investigate impartially, and record phenomena of this sort, is repressed by the characteristic skepticism of the age. There is a dread of being thought 'visionary,' from which very few are wholly exempt; and it is perhaps well that when instances occur, in which, as in that noticed above, all the parties concerned are persons of distinction and individual character, and the circumstances such that they can be called in question only by a spirit of incredulity which receives nothing that it cannot explain upon sensual grounds, and they should be investigated, and suffered to exert an influence in correcting the skeptical tendency of the present state of society. There is a state of mind which says, like Thomas, in the literal sense of the Word, 'except I shall see the prints of the nails, and put my fingers into the prints of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe,' and there are degrees of external truth by which it can be affected.

It is not indeed supposed that such instances are common, or at present can be. To most men conscious intercourse with the spiritual world would be dangerous. It would hardly be compatible with the *humility* and *freedom* essential to advancement in the way of regeneration. But while the doctrines of the New Jerusalem teach the utter impossibility of open, external, material intercourse between the inhabitants of the two worlds—while they teach that spirits and angels have no senses for perceiving directly material objects, and that on the other hand, it is equally impossible for man to perceive spiritual things with his natural senses; or, in the language of Swedenborg, that 'a man of the natural world does not see a man of the spiritual world, nor the reverse,' in consequence of 'the distinction between spiritual and natural;' they also teach, that whenever it pleases the Lord, he can open the spiritual senses of man, even while he inhabits a material body, to perceive spiritual existences and hold intercourse with them. And though the opening of the spiritual senses of individuals has not been common, nor generally, as in the case of Swedenborg, constant; it is thought that there is reason to believe that it has sometimes been done in every age of the world, since the consummation of the Jewish dispensation as well as before. Besides much that is inconsistent, improbable, and unworthy of confidence, there are some statements of facts that are in perfect accordance with the doctrines of the church, and which we know of no good reason for disbelieving.

CONTENT.

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—*Johnson.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MISSIONARY EFFORTS. NO. I.

Mr Editor—There is one subject which has for a long time been very near my heart and in regard to which I have wished to address my christian brethren—the subject of missionary efforts. I desire therefore with your leave to occupy a portion of your columns in some remarks upon this to me most deeply interesting subject. I send you this as the first of a series of articles, which should you deem them worthy a place in your paper I intend to prepare at such intervals as time and opportunity may permit.

Here permit me to state distinctly and at the outset the proposition which I would enforce. It is this. *It is the duty of every true Christian to labor to the utmost of his ability to promote the spiritual improvement of man by extending a knowledge of Christian truth.* That I may enforce this proposition I would direct the attention of your readers to two or three gospel principles.

1st. It is a Gospel principle that Christian truth is the remedy and the only effectual remedy for the various evils of our condition—the divinely appointed means of sanctification. Our Savior on one occasion states it as one of the objects of his mission that he came to bear witness to the truth. And on another occasion and that too one of the most solemn occasions of his life and in one of the most touching prayers which he offered he prays that men may be sanctified through the truth. Here it will be observed that even in his prayers for the sanctification of all his followers, in his earnest supplication that they might all be filled with purity and holiness and love, he recognizes the divinely appointed instrument by which all this is under the blessing of God to be accomplished. He does not pray that they may be sanctified through the special and irresistible influences of God's spirit, but that they may be sanctified through THE TRUTH. May we not suppose that Jesus, the pure and spotless—the meek and lowly Jesus—the heaven-sent Savior of man, looked upon the world of mankind and saw the sinfulness—the corruption and the consequent misery which every where abounded, that his heart was moved within him, that he wished most earnestly to rescue them from this pollution and degradation? The question would naturally arise 'by what means can this be effected?' The answer was ready. He knew that could every one become acquainted with those glorious truths which he was commissioned to reveal; that could every one feel the power of these truths as he himself had felt them, the work would be done—that sin would be removed from the world, and sin-enslaved sin-debased man would stand forth regenerated and disenthralled. He therefore engaged in the glorious work of rescuing man from sin through the power of truth with his whole soul, with all the wisdom of which he was capable, with that self-sacrificing devotion which was stronger than the love of life. And may we not conclude that every true Christian who has really felt the renovating, life-giving, heart-consoling, soul-sustaining power of Gospel truth will experience some thing of this same state of feeling—the feeling that could this truth be [illegible] of men and its power be felt in their hearts, the work of their spiritual renovation would be accomplished. Take particular cases. Do you see corruption and intrigue in the management of the affairs of government? Do you suspect dark immorality in the conduct, and hear disgusting profanity from the lips of those who are elevated to the high places of government? And how shall all this be remedied? Not by particular enactments and paper constitutions—not by a change of men and of courses of policy. But could every one called to rule become a true Christian there his mind to embrace and his heart to feel the power of Gospel truths and his conduct breathe forth the Gospel spirit, the work would be accomplished. There would no longer be seen corruption and intrigue in the management of government, no more immorality in the conduct, no more profanity in the language of our rulers. Go down into the dark caverns of iniquity, where there is intemperance, licentiousness, gambling and every evil work. And what is the remedy? Will you pass laws, will you form associations? These may do something in awakening the public to the nature and extent of the evil, in calling forth the inquiry for a remedy, and rendering it intensely earnest. But the remedy itself, the only effectual remedy is to be found in the Gospel. Could these your fellow men, now so debased and degraded and lost to all that is pure and worthy, could even these be brought into subjection to the power of Gospel truth, the work of their regeneration would be accomplished. Come with me to the splendid mansions of this son of wealth. See its inmates filled with vanity, with envy, with ambition to outstrip others, notice the utter hollowness of all their pleasures, the utter want of all pure and holy joy. Would you show yourself a friend to this family, and point them to the ways of true peace and happiness? Introduce them to your Savior, let them listen to his instructions, embrace and feel the power of his religion, and oh how changed the scene—now there is felt that peace which passeth all understanding. Wealth is no longer the snare of the soul—the weight which is bearing it down to ruin—it now becomes the means of spiritual improvement. Then take a different view, there is the wretched dwelling of poverty. The appearance is loathsome and disgusting in the extreme. The sufferings are great—But where is the remedy, if not from poverty at least from the sufferings of poverty? It is to be found in the bright hopes of our religion. These will light up the darkest abode. They bring to the lonely and disconsolate, the supporting and consoling thought that in all scenes God is with them. Go visit the chamber of sickness and inquire what it is that smooths the bed of death, that sustains and animates the patient sufferer under pain and languor? It is nought but the sustaining power of Gospel truth. In short it would seem that no evil can be named either social, political or moral, but what may be removed or rendered endurable by the power of Christian truth. When therefore, my Christian brethren, we are looking abroad over the community and mourning over the vice and misery which every where prevail—the sin and degradation which is every where seen, and felt, and inquiring for the remedy of all these so deep and so wide spread evils—the answer is ready at our hands. If the Gospel can be brought through the instrumentality of man—guided and rendered efficacious by the spirit of God, to bear with all its power upon the hearts of men, the work is done. Other measures may be well as temporary aids or pioneers, awakening the mind to thought and preparing the heart to become more readily the subject of Gospel influences, but without the power of Gospel truth they will all be eventually in vain. They should all look to the introduction of this sovereign remedy as the completion of their purpose. And to this we may look, on this we may rest in perfect confidence. It is the power of God, and the power of God to salvation. I fear we have not a sufficiently confiding faith in the power of Christian truth—that we are ready to adopt expedients, form associations, and lay plans which we regard not as introductory to, but as substitutes for Christian truth. But I have said enough for the present, and I would close with the hope that we may all bear it in mind that one of the fundamental principles upon which all missionary efforts must rest is, that *Christian truth in its application to the hearts and lives of man is the sovereign for the various evils of our lot—the divinely appointed instrument of human sanctification.* J. W.

Portland, Me.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Mr Editor,—while to look ever on the shady side of things indicates little sweetness of disposition, bespeaks a cloudy heart, and savors strongly of ingratitude;—so to look ever on the *sunny* side indicates more of sweetness than wisdom, and bespeaks a levity of heart and a thoughtlesness of mind, unfavorable to a healthy tone of the inner man.

While therefore it is well to look upon life's *pleasant* prospects, and drink deeply of the joy they so abundantly give to the willing heart, not less does it behoove us, to survey the darker side of the picture—that thus our joy may be tempered to the Christian standard.

The above thoughts are suggested by reflections upon Sunday Schools. Long since have these institutions ceased to be considered in the light of an *experiment*. They are in the full tide of success. They are wafted on by the enchanted breezes of popular favor, their praises come fresh and warm from many a lip and are the themes of many a song—the burden of many a sermon: and doubtless for them goes up the voice of thanksgiving and the deep tones of prayer, borne on the wings of Faith and Hope to the throne of God—and all this is well—it argues well for humanity. But (how dampening oft times is this little word!) But, do we not overrate the *present* condition of our Schools. Do we not incorporate our *dreams* of what *may be* of what *should* be, with our knowledge of what *is*. Do we not in some measure stand indebted to our *imagination* for the *facts* on which rest our eulogiums. Do we not lend our voice to swell the 'note triumphal,' with too little reflection. In fine do we not look only on the sunny side? Let us not deceive ourselves. Self deception is inexcusable. What is the common language touching Sunday Schools? Is it not something like this: 'They are instituted for the education of the soul of the child, that as he increases in statue he may increase in favor with God and man. *That this is accomplished who can doubt.* We have entered one of those earthly paradises, those gardens of God; and, when we have listened to those sweet toned voices swelling the note of praise and echoing the fervent prayer; when we have marked the happy countenances and with the searching eye of Faith seen 'neath them, hearts glowing with gratitude to God; when we have noted the glowing countenance of the devoted teacher, and seen confidence pictured on the radiant countenance of the attentive child,—our hearts have been touched; the spark of devotion that was expiring amid the cold embers of our minds, has been rekindled to a flame; we have felt as if on holy ground—and the language of our heart has been, 'This it none other than the house of prayer and this the gate of heaven,'—and when we have recrossed the threshold of the consecrated house, in the fulness of our heart we have said 'God bless the Sunday School.'

Such language is not uncommon, and we confess falls sweetly on our ears, sends momentary joy into our heart, and kindles within us a feeling of gratitude. But when we enter the *school itself*, unfilm our eyes, and take an unprejudiced survey, we find that 'the *picture* flatters,'—that though the outline is good, the *blemishes* are omitted, '*brushed over.*' We too often find confusion where we looked for order; the voice of mirth, when we expected that of prayer; listlessness where we sought interest; irreverence where *we were told* was reverence. And then we enter the homes of these 'little cherubs, these young innocents,—and we look here for the *fruits* of Sunday Schools—but not seldom where we hoped to gather grapes we find 'thorns and thistles.' We go with the *Teacher* and mark *his weekly course*—and how often do we seek in vain for those Christian graces which are at once the ornament and the salvation of the Soul, and which we are told *Sunday Schools so successfully impart.*

But it is time, Mr Editor, that I concluded this article which may be done by asking leave some other time to occupy your columns with a more definite statement of the defects in our Sunday Schools, with the view according to the humble measure of my ability to point out their *remedies*, and thus to contribute my mite to the cause of Sunday Schools, which hold a prominent place in my affections and with one of which I am proud to acknowledge myself connected. A TEACHER.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSEVER.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HERDER'S HISTORY OF HUMANITY.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THOUGHT.

Nothing on earth surpasses the acuteness, rapidity and activity of a human thought; nothing the energy, purity and warmth of a human volition. In every action of his thought, man imitates the disposing Deity; in all that he wills and does, he copies the creating God; though he may think as irrationally as he will. The resemblance lies in the thing itself, it is based upon the essence of his soul. Shall that power, which is capable of knowing, of loving, and of imitating God, which indeed from the essence of its reason, must, though it be against its will, know and imitate him, since even in its mistakes and errors, it errs only from deception and weakness—shall that, the mightiest sovereign of the earth, perish, because an external condition of composition is changed, and some of its inferior subjects have revolted? Is the artist no longer in being, because his instruments have fallen from his hands? Where then is the succession of our thoughts?

MISUSE OF THE JEWISH SCRIPTURES.

How many foolish cosmogonies, have been deduced from Moses's simple and sublime history of the creation, how many hard doctrines and unsatisfactory hypotheses, have been drawn from his apple and serpent! The forty days of the deluge, have been for centuries, the key upon which natural historians have felt themselves bound to hang all the phenomena in the structure of our earth, and historians of the human race likewise, have bound the various nations of the earth to the people of God, and to a misunderstood vision by a prophet of four monarchies. Thus many histories have been mutilated, for the purpose of illustrating them by a Hebrew name. The whole system of mankind, of the earth and of the sun, has been narrowed, in order to save the sun of Joshua and a few years of the duration of the world, whose determination could never be the aim of these writings. How many great men, including even a Newton, has the Jewish Chronology and Apocalypse robbed of time, which they might have spent in more profitable inquiries. Even in regard to morality and political management, the Hebrew Scriptures by misunderstanding and improper application, have imposed real fetters upon the spirit of the nations, which have acknowledged them, since no distinction has been made between periods and degrees of mental culture, men have adopted the intolerance of the Jewish religious spirit as a pattern for themselves, to follow though they were Christians. They have relied upon passages of the Old Testament, to justify the inconsistent attempt, of making the free and merely moral system of Christianity into a judicial religion of state. So likewise it is undeniable that the Temple service, and even the language of the Hebrew worship, have had an influence upon the worship, the eloquence, the hymns and the litanies of all Christian nations, and have often formed their prayers after the oriental idiom. The laws of Moses were designed for that climate, and for people of a wholly different condition; hence their legal and published constitution is not designed by its structure, for any Christian nation. Thus the greatest good by a different and false application, conduces to various evils. The sacred elements of nature, can they not likewise work for destruction, and the most powerful medicines become the most active poisons?

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

CAMBRIDGE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL. SCHOLARSHIPS.

Mr Editor,—I was glad to see in one of your last Registers a proposal for establishing a fund for the further support of Indigent students in the Cambridge Theological School. The proposal will, I doubt not, meet with the cordial approbation of its many friends, and, in particular of its *Graduates*. They would rejoice to be the instruments, and at such a trifling sacrifice too, of extending its usefulness, by thus bringing more laborers into a field where the demand for them is so loud and frequent. But I saw no need of the restriction that your correspondent would make—that the fund should be alone devoted to the sons of the Alumni of the school. This, it seems to me, would not be of beneficial tendency, as savoring too much of exclusiveness and favoritism, and appearing somewhat inconsistent with the original design of the school—to impart instruction to *all* who, complying with its customary rules, would be desirous of receiving it—and to afford pecuniary aid to *all*, as their several necessities should require.

And whilst upon this subject, Mr Editor, *allow me to suggest another more effectual plan* for promoting the usefulness of the Theological School, and increasing the number of its members—a plan that has often been proposed before, and, I believe, through the medium of your columns. I refer to the efforts that should be made, on the part of its several *Graduates*, to find out the virtuous young men of their acquaintance, and, in particular, of their congregations, (if they have any) who might be induced to enter upon the study of Theology. For *money* is not at present the needed instrument in the School's success. It has an ample supply of this, from the many munificent donations and bequeathments it has of late received, as the last Annual Report of the Treasurer of Harvard College will abundantly testify. It possesses, too, many generous and noble-hearted friends, who are at all times willing to aid its pecuniary interests, whenever occasion shall require. All then, that is needed, is, that individuals be found who may partake of this liberality. And it does seem as though our Congregational Ministers might discover some such in their daily walks and conversation. In the many Sunday schools connected with their Churches, can they not find some piously disposed young man, whether Teacher or Scholar, who might, by a little inducement, be prevailed upon to enter the school at some future period? —Much more, I think, might *be done* in furtherance of this plan, than has yet been effected —but I will not enlarge upon it. Every one must acknowledge its justice and importance, who is at all conversant with the present scarcity of members in the school contrasted with their numbers at former periods—or is at all aware of the demands that are continually pouring in upon it from every section of our growing country.

Cambridge March 1st.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MARCH 11, 1837.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR MARCH 1837.

This is a very interesting and valuable No. We perceive by the title page that the Examiner at the commencement of a new volume has passed into the hands of New Publishers—and that increased exertions are about being made to impart additional life and interest to its pages, and to extend its list of subscribers.

The No. is accompanied by an Editorial notice from Rev. Mr Greenwood and Dr Walker, who are again associated as Editors of the Examiner, setting forth distinctly the principles on which the work has been and is still to be conducted. The plan is certainly liberal and judicious, and must commend itself to the esteem of every enlightened Unitarian.

It is matter of regret that the Examiner has met with but meagre pecuniary support among the members of our denomination; while its pages have been very generally adorned with some of the best efforts of our most eminent men.

We hope that the exertions which are now making by the managers of the work will be seconded with correspouding spirit and liberal-

ity on the part of all the friends of Liberal Christianity.

The following is an extract from the notice of the NEW PUBLISHERS.

The whole number of subscribers to the Christian Examiner falls short of one thousand. This number, it must be evident to those who have any knowledge of the necessary expenses of a periodical work, for every page of the contributions to which the highest price is paid, is barely sufficient to afford it a meagre support. In view of this fact,—in view, also, of the abundant ability of the denomination, under whose auspices it is issued, to give to their principal journal an ample support,—in view, particularly, of the character which it has hitherto sustained, of its rank among the periodical publications of the day, and especially, of the important purposes which it has served, and which it is hoped it may still continue to serve, in the cause of religious truth and religious liberty,—the publishers entertain a confidence that an appeal for a more extended patronage of this work will be met with favor.

With a view particularly to the accomplishment of this object, the publishers give notice that they have made arrangements with the Rev. Allen Putnam, by which he becomes the purchaser of the whole of an increased edition of the several Numbers of this journal as they shall be successively issued. In this way it is hoped to secure for the Examiner an adequate support. The success of this arrangement, however, it must be obvious, depends entirely upon the zeal with which it is seconded by the friends of the work. Persons wishing to become subscribers are respectfully requested to send in their names to Mr. Putnam.

Agents, and others who have been in the habit of receiving their copies of this work from the publisher in Boston, are notified that all communications pertaining to subscriptions are to be addressed 'To the Rev. Allen Putnam, Boston, care of James Munroe & Co.' Other communications are to be directed to 'the Editors of the Christian Examiner,' care of the same.

The following, communicated by a highly esteemed Brother, is most cheerfully inserted in our columns.

We would add, moreover, that we wish eminent success to the undertaking of Rev. Mr Harding. He is a clergyman of our denomination, who, several years ago came over to this country from England, and, ever since, struggling with very small means, has manifested the most exemplary zeal and industry, with solid good sense, in the ministration of the truth.

A subscription paper may be found at the office of the Register, where it will afford us great pleasure to receive the names of such as may be disposed to encourage the preparation of this work.

Mr Editor,—Let me call the attention of the readers of the Register to the proposal for the publishing a series of LECTURES, fifteen in number, on the *Evidences of Revealed Religion*, delivered during the last summer, by the Rev. Mathew Harding, at present, Pastor of the Unitarian Society, in New Ipswich, N. H.

The following is a brief Extract from the printed prospectus.

'The many able works on this subject now before the public may cause doubts as to the expediency of adding another, unless coupled with a known and distinguished name. Yet some of the friends of the author have judged, that from the original, impressive and interesting manner, in which the truths of Christianity are made evident in a condensed form, much good may arise from the publication.

'The great and increasing number of open, and secret doubters and unbelievers, renders it a christian duty to attract men's attention to a subject, which considering the vastness of its import, too little occupies the public mind. The novel mode adopted by the author, of putting unbelievers on the *defensive*, it is thought will in a degree have this effect. The broad foundation, (clear of sectarianism,) upon which the author has based his subject, and his peculiar mode of attack, must either silence opposers or drive them to defend the weak and vulnerable part of their cause.

'The society who for the last two years have had the privilege of the author's instructions, communicated and enforced in his lucid and emphatic manner, who have witnessed his patient and unwearied labors (in spite of many discouragements) in the cause of what he regards the truth, can well appreciate his talents and his worth. It is hoped that the universal patronage of those who know him best, will induce those unacquainted to seek instructions from this volume on faith, to the end that the labors of an exemplary man and humble christian, a foreigner and stranger on our shores, may not be lost on the American public.

'The work will be printed in a duodecimo form, bound in cloth, and published as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to warrant its issue, at 75 cents, per copy, to be paid on delivery.'

THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE FOR *March* 1837.

This periodical has heretofore been received, we believe, with much favor by the class of readers, for which it is designed.

It is published by W. H. S. Jordan, at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington st. and now conducted by Prof. E. A. Andrews; though the occasional aid of the Messrs. Abbott—the former editors—may still be expected to increase the interest of its pages.

The following is the *Table of Contents* of the March No.

Extracts from an unpublished Journal of a traveller in Switzerland:—The Ring-Leader.—Sobriety.—A Scene at Sea:—Christian Self Denial.—The Stage Driver's Friend.—Talkativeness.—The Fireside.—The Voice of the Grave.—Literary Notices.

AMERICAN ANNALS OF EDUCATION. VOL. VII. NO. III. MARCH, 1837.

We are gratified to perceive that this periodical—devoted, as it is, to the promotion of objects, than which none can be more important to the welfare of this community, or dearer to the heart of every friend of humanity—fully maintains its reputation, and gradually increases in interest and value.

The subject of Education—always interesting—is about to occupy a still more important place in the popular mind, and the *Annals* appears ready and competent to take a leading part in the discussions as they may rise. We have copied from this number, on our first page, an article very sensible and of excellent spirit, on the *respect due to aged Instructers*. It is good, wholesome doctrine, and such as needs to be declared, and repeated among us.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH 1837.

This is a spirited and full number.

We perceive that the publishers announce that an arrangement has been made with *Robert M. Bird, Esq.* of Philadelphia, to become an associate editor with Messrs Hoffman and Benjamin. This arrangement will not only bring the aid of one good pen, but of many other valuable contributors to the Magazine.

The first article in the present number,—WERNER'S TWENTY-FOURTH OF FEBRUARY, is generally a very good translation, and will be read with much interest, and the promised *Specimens of the German Drama* will, without doubt, tend much to increase the popularity of the Magazine.

DR CHANNING'S DISCOURSE BEFORE THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

This discourse will receive a wide and warm welcome. It was first published in the Christian Examiner for March. We are glad to see that the publishers of the Examiner, JAMES MUNROE & Co., have prepared an edition in very neat pamphlet form, to meet the wants of the many who will be desirous to read and possess it.

The discourse was noticed at large in the *Register* on the Saturday succeeding its delivery. We will only add, that it appears equally as interesting in the perusal as it did in the hearing.

LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

[*Concluded.*]

The next day dawned with all the charm of a bright May morning, and long before we rose, the carriages were rattling over the pavements in an unusual succession and rapidity. It reminded me once more of our native city, where the stage coaches and private carriages are always on the move. We had concluded after the fatigue of the preceding evening, to remain at home, and let the next procession pass unheeded, but a latent spark of curiosity in our bosoms, kindled by the movement of others, and we were again, after breakfast on our way in a single horse coach to the scene of parade. I took a book to employ the time we might lose in waiting, though others of our party had a different taste or motive, and preferred gazing at the promiscuous throng assembled, which was indeed an object of great curiosity, especially to strangers. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the mother and nursing infant, the brute and his master, almost upon the same level, were all mingled together. Some were galloping on horseback, others resting in carriages, and a still greater multitude of all variety of character, age, and costume, were sitting down on the dusty ground—from the old lady in her silks and muslins, to the old-fashioned woman, wrapped in her woollen cloak, and white yashmack. One of the most interesting sights, was the showy arabars of oriental taste, filled with the ladies and children of the great and princely harems. Their rich turbans were covered with jewels. The snowy white yashmacks, only half concealed their fine full faces, especially of the prettiest, their broadcloth cloaks lined with white silk, fell gracefully off from their shoulders, which were screened by white muslin. The little boys and girls dressed in their flowing robes, overhung by dangling braids of hair, put their lively faces out each side or the carved, gilded carriages, and gave a cheerful finish to the whole group.

About one o'clock the report was given, 'They are coming,' and all eyes were suddenly turned to one point—to catch the first glimpse of the band, whose music was already heard behind the hill, and soon they appeared followed by three or four companies of troop, amounting to several hundreds, with flags and lances. Then came the —— ladies, officers of the Palace and door keepers. Next the officers of the Army—the Sacred Imams—then the Pashas each followed by a train of cuivasses (guards) on foot, and the highest officers of State, and last of these the eunuchs. In the midst to crown the climax, came a splendid European coach drawn by six noble horses, richly caparisoned, in which sat the Sultan's two sons, of fine intelligent countenances one or both of which may hereafter rule the empire. This sight would have dazzled our eyes, had there been no greater, but the next moment stood before us a golden coach drawn by six horses, whose heavy trapping rustled at every movement. 'The bride,' 'the bride,' was the exclamation from every mouth, though no one could see her, for a curtain of green silk was drawn before the window. A white hand without a glove, only rested on the outside of the window. To complete the train, were twenty-four European coaches with six horses each, filled with ladies of royal blood, and the beauties of the empire. At one time a halt was made, and a little girl in the carriage directly in front of us, fixed my exclusive attention. She had a fine face, independently of any embellishments, yet she was adorned beyond any thing I ever saw. The Turban was of black velvet, and covered with jewels. On each side of it, was a diamond ornament about the size of a child's hand, resembling a tree, and on the front and back, as far as I could see, I counted five more diamond decorations about the size of a dollar. Her frock, the waist only of which was visible, was either made of gold brocade—or her shoulders were covered with tinsel. Many other figures of equal and greater magnificence might be described, had the company delayed to afford us time for observation. Afterwards came twenty-four more coaches of the fair sex, with four horses each, and twenty-six native coaches. Another troop of horsemen, drew up the rear. The native coaches are cumbersome, the sides are thickly latticed and gilded, and the tops covered with red broadcloths.

Every officer besides his regimental suit trimmed with gold, had a diamond *kishan* (a bage of office) sparkling upon his breast. The saddle cloths and trappings of the horses, were in many cases decked with brilliants, and often the hilt of a sword gleamed with precious gems. Among all this display, the appearance of the Imams (priests) was of unrivalled beauty from its simplicity, which was put in such a striking contrast. They were covered with a plain broadcloth garment, a kind of flowing robe—matched with a turban of equal grace. The crown of the turban was a red cap of cloth, and a large shawl of white or green muslin, was twisted several times round the forehead, while between the two parts of the head dress, was interwoven a gold band, one end of which hung down gracefully over the twisted folds of muslin. The feet of so many horses raised a cloud of dust, that almost suffocated us, and had we been no more provident than many others to put on our best suit, we should have paid for the mistake. We returned amidst a sorry looking group, in the same filthy condition as ourselves, and were glad once more to reach the doors of our own plain habitations.

The following evening, found the royal bride in her own palace, and our imaginations could only follow and penetrate into the secrets of a mussulman harem. When the marriage tie was consummated, or how I do not know. If we may believe report, two officers of a certain rank, went to one of the imperial mosques and stood as representatives for the bride and bridegroom, while an Imam performed the accustomed rites. It is certain they did not meet, till they greeted each other in their own palace, and as the story goes, the bridegroom must carry a present in his hand to the bride, or she will not unveil her face, and if the present is not satisfactory, she will reject it till its value is increased.

A few days more passed, and the wedding ceremonies were completed, and the scene of mirth was changed to the 'Valley of Sweet Waters,' to celebrate another rite which initiated the two young princes into the mussulman religion. This also continued more than a week. A dinner was given to all the children of the rayahs, (subjects) belonging to the schools, and a large company of them walked in procession, last Sabbath evening, by our windows, as they returned home, singing through the streets. A few hours later passed another procession, of sixteen boys dressed in a singular uniform. It consisted of a pink silk garment, made like a lady's pelisse, girded round the waist by a sash tied behind, the ends of which nearly reached their feet. Round the neck, was a narrow frill of plain lace. Their hair was frizzled, and the top of the head covered with a small red cap, or fez ornamented with a heavy tassel of dark blue silk, fixed to the centre, which flowed gracefully down behind.

We took an excursion the other day, up the Stream of the Golden Horn, to the 'Valley of Sweet Waters,' which I saw for the first time, though it is visited by almost every traveller, that comes to Constantinople. Thousands of people were collected together, diverting themselves in all variety of ways, most of them enduring the heat of a hot sun, without even an umbrella to shadow them. I could not help pitying those poor women, whose indolent dispositions would suffer them to sit down on the ground, from morning till night, in listless inactivity, bringing up their children in the same way. One woman asked me, what I had in my reticule—I told her, a book. She felt of it, to ascertain the truth, and then with a sort of surprise asked, 'Can you read?'

One of the first objects that attracted our attention, was the long building or tent, erected for the performance of the ordinance which was the occasion of these holidays. There some hundreds of boys had received the seal of the mussulman faith, and from fifty to a hundred were reclining on couches as invalids, when we passed along.

Some little boys walked and danced across a high rope, exhibiting themselves to the multitude, in imitation of their parents. Thus 'train up a child in the way he should go, and he will not depart from it,' or he will follow in the way he is trained.

We were all soon wearied both in body and mind, and glad to leave a scene of such utter folly. A dinner was that day given to the Foreign Ambassadors, and some other officers of distinction, and on our return homeward, we met the banners of almost every kingdom in Europe, waving on the prow of a four oared caique, in the stern of which sat in full regimentals, the honored representative of his nation. Political men of different governments, the High Priest, and rabbis of the Jews, and the Patriarchs of several different Christian Sects, all sat down together, to the feast which the Sultan had prepared—nor would any of his subjects have dared to refuse the invitation, or wished to excuse themselves from the pleasure and honor of embracing it. Oh, that they and all others, were as afraid of displeasing the Lord of Lord and Kings, and were as ready to embrace the invitation, which offers them a seat at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Thus ended the royal banqueting, and the city has again relapsed to its former quiet.

Perhaps you will think this is not missionary work—but we esteem it a part of the preparation for it. Nothing which elucidates the customs, habits and character of the people among whom we live, and whom we aim to benefit, is too trifling for our observation, and we learned more in three weeks during the scenes described concerning them, than we could under ordinary circumstances for a long time, and many things, that never would have been witnessed, were developed here. We attend such a show, for the same reasons, that missionaries in other parts of the world, would enter heathen temples, and be present at their festivals.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS. Sketches of the doctrines of the New Church, and other valuable Communications in our next.

Notices of New Publications unavoidably postponed.

We are requested by S. A. D. to publish the following *errata* in his last letter.

The first line should be—Belfast *or* Penobscot Bay. 'Descend'—ascend. 'Crowded'—rounded. 'Canoe'—course. —— of more quiet—of purer air.

*** The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association acknowledges the receipt of $10 from a member of Rev. Mr Hall's Parish, Providence, to be devoted to the supply of Missionaries to the West.

OBITUARY.

MISS SARAH SAVAGE.

We have been requested to insert the following notices of MISS SAVAGE by one, who knew her intimately for many years; to whom she opened her heart without reserve, and who delights to recall her rare Christian excellence, singleness and transparency of heart, her celestial mildness and purity, her union of gentleness and diffidence with fidelity to principle, her reverence for virtue in the obscurest fellow creature, her delight in it in those from whom she differed; her sympathy, with all human suffering, and her sensibility to the love of Christ and to all the manifestations of the divine goodness—by one who, moreover, deeply feels, that this excellent woman, though taken from us, is still fulfilling her ministry of holiness and love on earth by the image she has left in many, many sorrowing, yet rejoicing hearts.

[From the Salem Gazette.]

The passage of some individuals into the spiritual world, leads our own mind *irresistibly* thither. We could not, even if we would, check this impulse in the case of Miss Savage. We follow her spirit into the presence of its Father, and feel that we can understand the meeting. For while she was yet among us, she seemed to us a disembodied spirit, so completely had the all-pervading principles that constitute Life Eternal transfigured her mortality. It is not enough to say she was pure, kind, and christian; for these qualities have their degrees,—but she was Purity, Love, Christianity. To go into her presence, was like going upon the holy mountain, when the disciples wished to build their tabernacles. All felt it; the young, the old, the afflicted and the happy;—all felt the sacred influence of a spirit which had nurtured itself and grown mature in the presence of God.

Death is always solemn, and sometimes terrific. God has wise purposes in sometimes shadowing the grave; in placing flaming cherubim between us and the Tree of Life. But those who mourn the absence of this sainted woman from the flesh, have hardly an excuse for dwelling on any circumstances painful to the eye of sense. A character of such divine beauty and excellence, that the longest memory recalls no deed or word, or manifestation of feeling, that was not in harmony with the highest principles that ever guided a human soul, pours a glory over the grave that conceals the body. Her whole life was spent in pointing every eye to heaven; in waking up in every soul sensibility to its eternal harmonies. Now that she has gone thither, it is but grateful to follow whither her Intelligence ever led. Let the children, who even now, as we understand, as they meet together, recall to each other the perfection and religious sanctity, that was manifested in every word and look, during the years they were under her instruction, feel that they have the earnest sympathy of the most mature, as they raise their thoughts from the dust, once consecrated by her holiness and her sufferings, to the beatified angel, who from the bosom of God, looks back to see what her humility would never permit her to realise on earth,—that she has left a track of beauty and of light, over this dark world of ours, which allures and has always allured all who saw her walk in it, to follow her. Her immediate friends must dwell on this, in their unparalleled bereavement, and thinking only of what they have to be grateful for, in having possessed the treasure of her existence and example, must pay her the last best tribute of surviving love,—to look upon this dispensation as she would have looked upon it; saying in the spirit of adoption—'The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?'

The character of Miss Savage is one that should not be passed by without memorial, for its most distinguishing traits were those which are at the same time the most uncommon and the most worthy of imitation. Miss S. has distinguished herself among the female writers of New England sufficiently to claim a tribute from all who admire that peculiar vein of genius which can illustrate so touchingly the gentlest and tenderest virtues of the heart. Her intellectual gifts are indeed well known and appreciated, but it is the singular beauty and purity of her character which concentrates the attention of those who knew her intimately.

We would present her as a model for all who call themselves religious. She surely embodied the very spirit of religion, if that spirit is LOVE. This was manifested in her perfect liberality to every form of it, not merely in words but in action. No one could approach her without feeling its power. There was no sect or party, religious or otherwise, whose good principle, if it had one, she did not detect and sympathize with. Her very aspect rebuked all wrong. It seemed impossible to retain even an unkind or an exclusive feeling, in the presence of that divine spirit of love and charity which illuminated her countenance and made her simplest words eloquent. The children who have been placed under her care, will never forget the impression made by her goodness; and her desire to do good to them. Neither they, nor any one who knew her, could ever feel that she could do wrong. The principle that animated every hour of her guileless and useful life, was resignation to its inevitable evils, and gratitude for its blessings. Her charity to individuals was as remarkable as her feelings of universal benevolence. I do not refer to her kindness to the poor, and all who suffered; that was but a small part of her loving kindness; but to her judgments of character, that difficult part of christian conversation. In the most faulty, she could discover the germ, or the remnant of good, by which they could be advanced, or redeemed back to virtue, and that germ, or that remnant of good, she had the power to address in the very spirit of her Master. Let whoever can do it, recall and record the talents and the virtues of this Christian woman, for they were all consecrated by love to God and man.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, Monday Feb. 27th, a bill making an appropriation for the building of light houses was ordered to a second reading. The bill from the House making appropriations for fortifications were read a second time and referred. The amendments of the House to the Army bill were concurred in; several bills were read the third time and passed.

The Report of the Committee of Foreign Relations on the subject of Mexico was taken up, and the resolution with which it concludes was agreed to unanimously, ayes 46.

In the House of Representatives on Monday, the rules requiring the appropriation of this day to the presentation of memorials were suspended, for the purpose of taking up the appropriation bills. The bill making appropriations for harbors, providing for continuing works already commenced, was taken up and read by sections. Various amendments, introducing new objects, were proposed, and after much discussion rejected. Before going through the bill, at 3 o'clock, the House adjourned for the recess.

In the Senate, Tuesday Feb. 28th, the President laid before the Senate a letter from the President elect, stating that he should be ready to take the oath previous to his entering on the duties of his office on Saturday, the 4th of March, at 12 o'clock, at such place and in such manner as the Senate might appoint.

The various bills and resolutions on the table ordered to a third reading, were read the third time and passed.

At one o'clock the Senate proceeded to consider the House Bill, making appropriations for certain fortifications, &c. and the question being on the amendment reported by the Committee on Finance, to strike out the second section providing that the surplus in the Treasury on the 1st of January 1838, excepting five millions, shall be divided among the States, under the provisions of the act of last session. It was finally voted to strike out the amendment, yeas 26, nays 19.

In the House on Monday evening, the sitting continued till 6, on Tuesday morning. But little was accomplished, for want of a quorum.

A bill appropriating $72,000 for salaries of Foreign Ministers of the U. S. was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading. This included $11,000 as salary and outfit for a minister to Texas,

'Whenever the President of the United States shall receive satisfactory evidence that Texas is an independent power, and that it is expedient to appoint such Minister.'

The amendments to the Cumberland Road Bill were concurred in by the House.

And the bill was read a third time and passed—Yeas 89—Nays 59.

The bill for the suppression of Indian Hostilities, was read a third time and passed.

The West Point Academy bill was then taken up, the amendments were concurred in.

And the bill was read a third time and passed.

In the Senate, on Wednesday March 1st, a resolution was passed, recognising the Independence of Texas, yeas 22, nays 19.

In the House, the Report of the select committee on the case of R. M. Whitney was received, and a counter report of the minority was also received. Strong party feelings seem to have been enlisted in the case, on both sides. The resolutions of the Committee, exculpatory of the Treasury Department, the Deposite Banks and the Agent were passed.

The last bill was passed, with an amendment in effect repealing the Treasury circular.

In the Senate, on Thursday, the civil service and harbor appropriation bills were read the third time and passed.

In the House of Representatives, a bill, providing for the enlistment of boys in the Naval Service, &c., was read a third time and passed.

The House refused, 111 to 94, to agree to the Senate's amendment to the Fortification Bill, but after it was sent back from the Senate, during the evening session, the amendments of the Senate were agreed to.

In the Senate, on Friday March 3d, a considerable part of the morning session was spent on excutive business. Blair and Rives were chosen printers for the Senate.

In the House on Friday, their disagreement to the Senate's amendment to the Fortification bill was insisted on. Very little business was finished in the morning session.

The following remarks from the Daily Advertiser, give as good a view as we can present of the doings of the last day of the session.

The session of Congress closed on Friday night in a confused and tumultuous manner, leaving much business unfinished for want of time, and after despatching in a hasty and very unsatisfactory manner during the day, much of the important business of the session. The appropriations for Fortifications are again lost, as well as the provision for a further distribution in 1838 of the surplus revenue which may then be in the Treasury, by the disagreeing votes of the two houses. The bill for the increase of the army is lost, there not having been time to discuss it in the House. A bill making large appropriations for new light houses was passed.

The currency bill, which passed the two houses by large majorities, did not receive the signature of the President.

INTELLIGENCE.

*** Our account of the doings of the General Court is necessarily deferred till next week, for want of room.

Bangor.—We learn from a gentleman who was recently in Bangor, that there has been a sensible improvement in the business operations of that city within a month past. Money is easier, and it is confidently believed that on the opening of the river, the state of things will be as flourishing as in former times. There has been no sensible depreciation of real estate in the city for some months past, and rents are yet very high. We also learn that a large sale of timber lands, including a number of mills and mill privileges, has recently been effected in New York. The purchase amounted to about $800,000. The lumbering operations have been very much curtailed the present season. Probably there is not one fifth the capital employed this year as last in this business.

Fire at Bath.—A destructive fire occurred at Bath, Me., on the night of Thursday, the 16th. It originated in a wooden building in Front street, occupied by Parsons Smith and Samuel Foote. The wind was blowing strongly from the northeast at the time and all the adjacent buildings, both sides of the street, were soon enveloped in one sheet of fire, threatning destruction far and wide. Before the flames were arrested, twenty-four buildings, mostly stores, were destroyed, and others much damaged. The loss is estimated to be not far from $50,000.—*Mercantile Journal.*

Mr Ruel Williams has been elected by the Maine Legislature, a Senator in Congress for six years from the fourth of March inst.

From Mexico.—The New Orleans papers furnish information, of some interest, from Sisal, to Feb. 14. A Mexican armed vessel had arrived from Vera Cruz, with orders to remove Gen. Toro, from the commandancy of Yucatan, and to substitute Gen. Sayas, an enemy of Gen. Santa Anna, Toro being his brother-in-law. The captain had proceeded to Menda, the capital, but 10 leagues from Sisal, and had not returned. It was said that the Mexican fleet had been ordered to cruise, to intercept Santa Anna.

Construction of Rooms for Speaking.—We take the annexed paragraph from President Humphrey's account of the last meeting of the British Association for the promotion of Science at Bristol—

Dr Reid, of Edinburgh, read a paper which seemed to give general satisfaction, on the form and construction of buildings intended for public assemblies, in which no more than one echo should be heard. He recommended that the walls and floors of large rooms, like the House of Commons, should have their walls as low as possible, to diminish the reflection of sound or echo; and made as rough as possible, by ornaments or other means. He illustrated his doctrine by reference to the choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in which the enunciation is extremely clear. The lower and rougher the walls, according to Dr Reid, the less their effect in injuring the intonation. The floor, also, should be roughened by carpeting, or sand, or sawdust, or some such material, so as to absorb the sound reflected from the ceiling, and make it act as a sounding board, to give body to the voice.

The steeple in which the bells of the Church of St Julien de Mailloc, at Lissieux, in Calvados, are hung, was raised above the centre of the building. It was wished to remove it over the principal entrance, a distance of 65 feet. The height of the steeple is 100 feet from its base, which was 25 feet above the pavement of the church to its pinnacle. This task was undertaken by two carpenters, M. Nicolle, of Coursen, and M. Lami, of Lisieux, and accomplished in the following extraordinary manner. The entire steeple, with the bells in it, was first raised 15 feet perpendicularly, and then moved horizontally from its old to its new position, without any scaffolding being raised, the lateral walls of the church being made to serve the purpose of a plane on which to impel it. It marched steadily and majestically along, the bells being not only left in their places, but, actually rung during its progress. The whole cost of this bold undertaking was two hundred and fifty francs!—so says the Pilote de Lissieux from which we take this account.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Thursday morning, at Trinity Church, by Rev Dr Wainwright, J. Lathrop Motley, Esq to Miss Mary E. Benjamin; and J. Lewis Stackpole, Esq. to Miss Susan M. Benjamin—all of this city.

In Mansfield, 7th inst., Rev James H. Sayward, Pastor of the Congregational Church in M., to Miss Mary B., daughter of Solomon Pratt, Esq.

In Worcester, 1st inst., Mr John Burrill, of Boston, to Miss Rebecca A. Wheeler.

In Lowell, by Rev Mr Miles, Albert Locke, Esq. to Miss Mary Anne Locke daughter of Hon Judge Locke, both of Lowell.

At Fort Gaines, Geo., Feb 12th, Mr Eliab Stone Brewer, formerly of this city, to Miss Frances Emily, daughter of Rev James Johnson, of F. G.; Mr John P. Taft, formerly of Providence, to Miss Ann Appling of F. G.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Tuesday morning last, Mrs Mary Ann Stevens, wife of Mr F. A. Heath, and daughter of the late Mr Andrew E. Symmes, 22.

In this city, suddenly from an affection of the heart, Mrs Sarah, consort of Hon. Heman Lincoln, and eldest daugeter of the late Rev John Cushing, D. D. of Ashburnham, 60.

In this city Mrs Elizabeth Ann, wife of Mr John Dow, 28. 5th inst., Mrs Lydia Elizabeth, wife of Mr Luther Hall, 30.

In Dorchester, 7th inst., Mr Joseph Humphreys, 56.

In Dedham, on Tuesday, Mr Wm. Wilson, 56.

In Roxbury, Mrs Polly Williams, 64.

MR ALCOTT'S SCHOOL.
No. 7, Masonic Temple.

THE Exercises of this School are adapted to the minds of Children, of both sexes, between the ages of five and fifteen years; and comprise lessons on the following subjects;

SPELLING	DRAWING	GEOGRAPHY
READING	ARITHMETIC	MANNERS
WRITING	ENG. GRAMMAR	DUTY,

with instruction in the LATIN AND FRENCH LANGUAGES.

*** CONVERSATIONS ON HUMAN CULTURE are held on Friday Evening of each week at half past 7 o'clock. Teachers of Classes in Sunday Schools, Parents, and others interested in Education, are respectfully invited to attend, and take part in the Conversation. March 11

WORDSWORTH'S Poetical Works. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. The complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth: together with a Description of the country of the Lakes in the North of England, now first published with his Works. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania, Royal 8vo pp. 575.

Our present purpose is simply and heartily to recommend Professor Reed's edition of Wordsworth, as one which does justice to the poets, and is calculated to satisfy the not easily satisfied wishes of the many, who love and revere him. It is, what it professes to be, a complete edition of his poetical works, such as might be sought for in vain in his own country, and contains also his prefaces and essays, his beautiful description of the Lakes, and his Essay upon Epitaphs. The Editor has performed his part in a most judicious manner, and in the true spirit of one 'who claims to have brought to the task an affectionate solicitude for every verse in the volume. He has given us the pure text, and has interspersed, with the poet's own notes, a few, and but very few others, which consist 'almost entirely of illustrative passages from the writings of those with whom Mr Wordsworth would most willingly find his name associated.' The poems which were lately published under the title of 'Yarrow Revisited, and other poems,' are placed in their appropriate divisions, as the poets himself would have arranged them. The publishers may challenge for themselves a full portion of praise, for having sent forth a book which confers credit on the American press. Since we received it, we have read a considerable portion of its contents, and accustomed as we are to proofsheets, and familiar as we are with the author, we have not yet detected a typographical error. The page is clean and bright; and the type is as clear and large as eyes can wish. We have seldom seen a book which has given us so much pleasure. Christian Examiner, No. 79.

134 Washington st. opposite School st. m 11

PERIODICALS at Colman's Literary Rooms 121 Washington St. where are published the following among other valuable publications viz.

Lady's Book and American Ladies Monthly Magazine at $3 per annum.

Religious Magazine and Family Miscellany Monthly, $2 per annum.

Waldie's Select Library, weekly $5 per annum.

Knickerbocker Magazine Monthly $5.

Le Litterateur Francais for Learners and Proficients in French, weekly $2 per annum.

Literary and Theological Review, $3 per annum.

Mother's Magazine, $1.

Philada. Saturday Courier, $2.

☞ Colleges and other Associations supplied, as usual, *with all current works*—Religious—Professional—Scientific and Miscellaneous—American and European, at a liberal discount, as also when several are supplied to one address.

CHANNING'S SERMON. This day published by James Munroe and Co. The Sunday School, a Discourse, pronounced before the Sunday School Society, by Wm. E. Channing; price 12 cents.

TWICE TOLD TALES, by N. Hawthorne, containing the following charming stories viz. The Grey Champion; Wedding Knell; Gentle Boy; A Rill from Town Pump; The Prophetic Picture; Sights from the Steeple; David Swan; Hollow of the Three Hills; The Vision of the Fountain; Fancy's Show Box, &c. Published this day, and for sale at Colman's Literary Rooms. M. 11

TWICE TOLD TALES. Twice Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1 vol. 12mo; just received by James Munroe & Co. 134 Washington st. mar. 11

TO TEACHERS. James Munroe & Co. have this day published a collection of French and English Phrases and Dialogues, compiled chiefly upon the basis of Bellenger's French Phrase Book, which, within a short time, has passed through eighteen editions, in Paris. This work, on account of the simplicity of its arrangement, is peculiarly adapted to those just commencing the study of French. Instructers are invited to call and examine the work for themselves. 134 Washington st. mar 11

COPLAND'S DICTIONARY, Part III.—A Dictionary of Practical Medicine: comprising General Pathology,—the Nature and Treatment of Diseases, Morbid Structures, and the disorders especially incidental to climates; to the sex, and to the different epochs of life—with numerous Prescriptions for the Medicines recommended, a classification of diseases according to Pathological principles, a copious Bibliography, with references: and an Appendix of approved Formulæ—the whole forming a library of Pathology and Practical Medicine, and a Digest of Medical literature. By James Copland, M. D., Consulting Physician to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital; Senior Physician to the Royal Infirmary for Diseases of Children; Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London; Member of the Medical and Chirurgical Societies of London and Berlin, etc. This day published at Colman's. m11

APPLETON'S WORKS. The works of Jesse Appleton, D. D., late President of Bowdoin College, embracing his course of Theological Lectures, his Academic Addresses, and a selection from his Sermons, with a Memoir of his Life and Character, 2 vols 8vo, just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., opposite School street. m 4

WISEMAN'S LECTURES. Twelve Lectures on the connection between Science and Revealed Religion, delivered in Rome by Nicholas Wiseman, D. D., Principal of the English College, and Professor in the University of Rome. First American from the first London edition. Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., opposite School st. m 4

THE LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, third President of the United States, with parts of his correspondence never before published, and notices of his opinions on questions of civil government national policy, and constitutional law; by George Tucker, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia; in 2 vols, octavo; just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. m 4

FREE SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

MR E. M. P. Wells proposes to open a school for Boys, on the 1st of March, distinct from his present one, but under his direction. The object is to meet the wants of a class of boys whom he has often been obliged to refuse admittance, on account either of their being too young, or not able to meet the expense, or, the free and half pay situations in his present school having been full.

The moral and disciplinary system will be the same as in his present school, and the studies such as their capacities may require.

The expense, to those who can afford to pay any thing, including board, clothing, books &c, will be $1.00 per week—six months in advance—

Application can be made to Bishop Griswold, Rev. Dr Wainwright and Josiah Quincy Jr Esq, visitors of his school, or to Mr Wells at the school. f 25.

BOSTON PRESS,

Corner of School and Washington Streets, over Wm. D. Ticknor's Bookstore.

The subscriber has resumed the business of PRINTING, at his former stand. The office is furnished with a general assortment of new *Book and Fancy Job type*, for the printing of Books,

Sermons,	Business Cards,	Checks,
Circulars,	Visiting Cards,	Blanks,
Notices,	Show Bills,	Shop Bills, and
Catalogues,	Hand Bills,	Gold and Colors,

in a superior style, and on low and accommodating terms. ISAAC R. BUTTS.

f 25 6 m

WHITE CHALK FOR BLACK BOARD.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head No. 27 Court Street, has received from France, prepared White Chalk for Black Board. 3tis f 18

POETRY.

To most lovers of poetry, the word *psalm* is a stumbling-block and an offence. Will they permit us to invite their attention to a Hebrew melody, an ode descriptive of Spring, written some thousands of years ago by a Syrian monarch of devout character, but of poetic genius far surpassing that of the Persian Hafez or the Teian bard. The ode is inscribed to the Deity, the Jehovah of the Jewish nation. [Eclectic Review.]

TE DECET HYMNUS.

Praise on thee, in Zion's gates,
Daily, O Jehovah! waits;
Unto thee, O God! belong
Grateful words and holy song:
Unto thee who hearest prayer,
Shall the tribes of men repair.
Though with conscious guilt oppressed,
On thy mercy still I rest.
Thy forgiving love display;
Take, O Lord! our sins away.

Oh, how blessed their reward,
Chosen servants of the Lord,
Who within thy courts abide,
With thy goodness satisfied.
Dear the sacred joys that spring
From the service of our King!
But how dire thy judgment fell,
Savior of thine Israel!
When thy people's cry arose,
On their proud and impious foes!

Thou the hope and refuge art
Of remotest lands apart;
Distant isles and tribes unknown,
'Mid the ocean waste and lone.
By thy boundless might set fast,
Rise the mountains firm and vast.
Thou canst with a word assuage
Ocean's wild and deaf'ning rage,
Sounding like the tumult rude
Of a maddened multitude.
When thy signs in heaven appear,
Earth's remotest regions fear;
And the bounties of thy hand
Fill with gladness every land,—
Those who first the morn descry,—
Those beneath the western sky.

Thou dost visit earth, and rain
Blessings on the thirsty plain,
From the copious founts on high,
From the rivers of the sky.
When thou hast prepared the soil
For the sower's hopeful toil,
Then again the heavens distil
Blessings on each terraced hill.
Whence the gathering waters flow
To the trenched plains below.
Softened by the genial showers,
Earth with plenty teems; and flowers,
Types of promised good, appear.
Thus thy goodness crowns the year;
Thus the clouds thy power confess,
And thy paths drop fruitfulness;
Drop upon the pastoral plain,
And the desert smiles again,
And the hills, with plenty crowned,
Are with gladness girt around.
White with flocks the downs are seen;
Cultured vales with corn are green;
And the voice of song and mirth
Rises from the tribes of earth.

"SI JE TE PERDS, JE SUIS PERDU."

Shine on, thou bright beacon,
Unclouded and free,
From thy high place of calmness,
O'er life's troubled sea;
Its morning of promise,
Its smooth seas are gone,
And the billows rave wildly—
Then, bright one, shine on.

The wings of the tempest
May rush o'er thy ray,
But tranquil thou smilest,
Undimm'd by its sway;
High, high o'er the worlds,
Where storms are unknown,
Thou dwellest, all beauteous,
All glorious, alone.

From the deep womb of darkness
The lightning-flash leaps,
O'er the bark of my fortune,
Each mad billow sweeps;
From the port of her safety
By warring winds driven,
And no light o'er her course
But yon lone one of heaven.

Yet fear not, thou frail one,
The hour may be near,
When our own sunny headlands
Far off shall appear;
When the voice of the storm
Shall be silent and past,
In some island of Heaven
We may anchor at last.

But, bark of Eternity,
Where art thou now?
The tempest-wave shrieks
O'er each plunge of thy prow,
On the world's dreary ocean
Thus shattered and tost—
Then, lone one, shine on,
'*If I lose thee, I'm lost.*' J. J. G.

Cork, March 11, 1822.

* These lines were suggested by an impress on a seal representing a boat at sea, and a man at the helm looking up at a star, with the motto, 'Si je te perds, je suis perdu'—*If I lose thee, I am lost.*

Death! be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy *pictures* be,
Much pleasure—then from *thee* much more must flow;
And *soonest* our *best* men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more. Death! thou shalt die!
Holy Sonnets.

Of F. Quarles, Montgomery says, 'his faults are so labored, that they seem to have been committed on purpose; while his beauties are so spontaneous that they alone, amid his anomalous compositions, seem to be natural to him.' Of his wit, the following epigram affords a happy specimen:—

ON ALEXANDER.

'No marvel thou, great monarch, didst complain,
And weep there were no other worlds to gain.
Thy griefs and thy complaints were not amiss;
He's grief enough, that finds no world but this.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

NAMES OF TOWNS.

In New England, the names of towns and counties are chiefly borrowed from Great Britain. Where there had been native settlements, the Indian names were for a while retained. Such was the case with Salem, Boston and Providence. But the determination of the colonists was to eradicate every thing that perpetuated the native tribes, and the ancient names of Naumkeag, Shawmut and Mooshasuck, gave place to those above mentioned. Towns which received their names previous to the revolution, borrowed them from well known places in England—Those named after, were from heroes and patriots who made themselves conspicuous during that contest. Worcester, Leicester, Gloucester, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Bristol, Warwick, Somerset, Cambridge, Chelsea, Newport, Northampton, etc. are of the former class, and among the latter, are Hancock, Adams, Warren, Greene, Washington, Franklin, etc.

The great state of New York—or the 'Empire State,' as it is called—seems to have ransacked the globe for appellations for her numerous towns. Every kingdom and empire has contributed its part. From the ancient kingdoms and states, she has borrowed Greece, Athens, Sparta, Troy, Jerusalem, Palmyra, Tyre, Utica, Corinth, Carthage and Rome; Marathon and Macedon, also, have places among her towns.—From the modern states, she has taken her Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Holland, Sardinia, Italy, Wales, China, Delhi, Peru, Mexico, etc. together with the following capitals; Stockholm, Petersburg, Copenhagen, Dresden, Berlin, Wilna, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Paris, Naples, Edinburgh, Lisbon, Madrid, Milan, Amsterdam, Turin, Geneva, Vienna, Florence, Antwerp, Warsaw, Batavia, Canton, Cairo, Lima, etc.—Well may she be called the 'Empire State,' when the greatest kingdoms and empires, as well as their capitals, have places within her boundaries! Not content with these, she has transplanted the names of their heroes, philosophers, law-givers and poets to her towns, and occasionally thrown in an Indian, French and English name among them.

The ancient names are Homer, Hector, Lysander, Marcellus, Solon, Horace, Pompey, Brutus, Cato, Scipio, Hannibal, Romulus, Tully, Camillus, Manlius, Cincinnatus, Cicero, Seneca, Plato, Milo, Virgil, Fabius, Euclid, and Ovid! In scriptural names, she has an Eden, a Bethany, a Jerusalem, a Jericho, a Canaan, a Lebanon, a Hebron, and a Goshen!—Diana alone represents the ancient mythology.

There is a county or town of Washington in every state and territory in the Union except Delaware; and in the majority of them there is both a county and town of this name. The name of Franklin occurs twenty-one times, exclusive of numerous Frankinvilles, and Franklintons. Jefferson, Madison, and Munroe, including a few with the termination of ville, and ton, each occur from fifteen to twenty times. Adams nearly as many. Jackson, with the terminations, thirty-six times. Hancock and Montgomery are about as frequent as Adams. Distinguished generals appear to have the preference over philosophers and statesmen, in having their names given to towns. Twenty-five towns, some of which are places of considerable importance, bear the appellation of Warren; nineteen that of Fayette and Fayetteville; and the residence of the latter general, 'La Grange,' has been given to ten more, Steuben, De Kalb, Pulaski, Knox, Lee, Macon, Jay, Pinckney, and Livingston, have their places. Columbia is found in sixteen different states, exclusive of ten Columbuses and as many Columbianas and Columbiaville. Fredonia, Freedom, Freehold, Freeman, Freeport, Freetown, and other names commencing with Free, occur twenty-two times.

The name of Union, including its terminations, is found to occur thirty-nine times. Liberty, so closely connected with Union, appears not to have been as attractive as the latter, ten towns only bearing the name, and Independence still less so, as it occurs but six times. The name of the brave and lamented Perry has not been forgotten. Twenty-one towns now bear his name. Clinton is deservedly another favorite with his countrymen. Fourteen towns of the name are known in the country. The name of Greene has contributed largely in furnishing appellations for our towns, both singly and with its terminations. It occurs no less than eighty-five times, in Greenfield, Greenford, &c.

The most prolific source, however, of American names, is that of old and foreign names, prefixed by the word new—as New London and New York. Of towns with this class of names, there are two hundred and fifty-seven.

There is another variety of names which, for their singularity, should not be omitted in this list. To designate the states where the following towns or villages are situated, would be useless; it is sufficient to say that they may be found. There are: Horse-shoe, Split-rock, Horse-head, Hat, Long-o-coming, One-leg, Painted Post, Spread Eagle, Thoroughfare, Traveller's Rest, Wild-cat, English Neighbor, Good Intent, Good Luck, White Horse, Half Moon, Temperance, Economy, Harmony, Industry, Trinity and Unity.

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID,

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all *Face Physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfu. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almondglore, or aromantic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.—*Sir T. Overbury.*

LITTLE JANE, A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILD, OR SELF-DENIAL AND FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

Ague had blanched her cheek, her frame naturally delicate, her face was pallid and oval, it was that species of beauty which is sometimes, though seldom to be met with in the cottage; her form seemed to be turned in a lathe, it was the very reverse of rough hewn;—her hair was flaxen, her eye bloomed expressive; her manners soft, mild, unobtrusive—any thing but vulgar. Every body loved little Jane—for she loved God. Whatever seat was vacant at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning, Jane always filled her's; whose ever lip was mute, Jane's tongue was always vocal with the song of praise. Poor was she—so poor that potatoes and bread constituted her only subsistence, while she was the victim of the relentless intermittent. She called on her teacher on Monday. That Christian teacher saw traces of disease, hunger and exhaustion in her beautiful and expressive countenance. 'My child,' said she, 'I think you are very hungry.' Modesty said *No*; while nature through her eyes, said *Yes*. That kind friend forced some nutritious food upon her. Jane retired into a corner, and for once in her life greedily devoured *one half only* of this opportune luxury; the other half was stealthily committed to poor little Jane's empty pocket. The action did not escape the keen eye of Christian sensibility, (how quick but how mild is its scrutiny.) 'Jane, my dear,' said the teacher, 'what are you saving it for, I am sure you can eat it all?' The little invalid looked confused; and hear her reply, ye selfish! hear the nobleness of a *cottager's* ague-stricken child!—hear it, ye affluent, who may admire, but cannot equal, the generous self-denial of the little suffering one! '*It is for my brother Tommy, he has got the ague too!*' Jane, thou art now in heaven, eating the bread of life, thy teacher is on the road; and when her eye reads this paragraph, it will dissolve in tears, her bosom will throb with heartfelt gratitude, her imagination will recall little Jane in the corner, and she will mentally ejaculate a prayer that she may meet little Jane in that better, brighter, purer world, where they shall hunger no more, and where sorrow and sighing shall flee away. May little Jane's God be my God.—*Jersey Herald.*

LOVELL'S POND.

The traveller who is loitering about the romantic scenes of our New Hampshire Alps, if he loves to dwell upon the incidents of New-England's early history, cannot fail to visit the far famed scene of Lovell's fight, the most noted conflict in all our ancient border warfare. In our childhood we had read the choice old ballad which commemorates the famous fight, and which for nearly a hundred years has been sung and recited round the New England firesides. And we longed to see the spot—where

Worthy Captain Lovell of whom we do sing,
So valiantly did serve both his country and his king.

A weary walk of nearly twenty miles from the route upon which we were travelling, brought us to the pretty village of Fryeburgh. Having procured there a proper Cicerone, we proceeded to the pond—the scene of the fight. A beautiful sheet of water of perhaps a mile in length and half a mile in width, commemorates the name of the brave Lovell, who fell upon its borders. A lovely and beautiful scene indeed it is. Thick woods unthinned by the axe, come down on every side to the waters' edge. The sound of the light splashing of the waves upon the sandy beach, falls with a most lonely and saddening distinctness upon the ear. Every thing is hushed into stillness as perfect, as when the savage foe lay waiting in ambush the march of Lovell's hostile band. As you draw your breath and listen, all is so lonely and still that you feel as if you were amidst the primeval solitude of the wilderness. And as the harsh clamorous cry of the loon which frequents the inland lakes, strikes suddenly upon you, you startle as if the savage whoops were yelling in your ear. Upon such a scene, where no changes but the imperceptible changes of time have been at work, the imagination acts with full scope. Where the scene remains still unaltered, a vivid fear will almost unconsciously call up again the stirring action of the drama which has signalized the spot.

Our guide knew perfectly well all the circumstances of the fight. He pointed out the ridge or level upon the border of the pond, about four or five feet in height, now, and we presume then, thickly covered with whortlebury bushes, behind which the savages were hidden—and from which, as the ballad says—

Anon there eighty Indians rose
Who there had laid in ambush dread—

We walked over the beautiful white beach between the water's edge and the bank upon which Lovell's men were marching when attacked. And we examined the marks in the dead, scathed old pines, which were thinly scattered over the scene of action, and from which we were assured bullets discharged in the action have been cut out.

We were shown the spot upon which the fierce old chieftain, Paugus, fell—and heard declared the circumstances of his death.

We seemed to see before us the combatants, Chamberlain and Paugus, as exhausted with thirst they stooped together to drink and wash their guns at the waters' brink, and as with strength and ferocity renewed, they each charged their guns, with the assurance that one must fall. And we seemed to hear the expiring yell of the savage chief as he fell beneath Chamberlain's unerring aim.

And upon this still lonely spot was the fiercest conflict in all our savage warfare. Here, where nothing louder than the report of the hunter's gun would seem to have ever echoed from the quiet shores—the din of contending arms resounded even from morn till night-fall. Beneath the straggling bushes from which we now idly cull the blue-berries, repose the remains of the twenty brave men from Dunstable, and the sixty Indian warriors who fell on that bloody day. And upon this spot the lofty spirit of the fierce and noted Paugus, the last of his race, the last sachem of the Pickwackets, was freed from its mortal bounds, and ushered to the happy hunting grounds, prepared for the brave spirits of his race. While revolving these fancies which the scene had suggested, we heard a loud scream and flapping of wings above our heads; and looking up we saw a huge eagle sail above us and alight on the top of a lofty pine a few gunshots off, where he sat proudly glancing over the woods and water beneath him. 'Ah,' exclaimed our guide, 'there is the old eagle.—As long as I can remember has that bird haunted this spot. Day after day he soars over this place, or sits on that solitary tree. He drives away all the ducks and game upon the pond. All the gunners about have tried to shoot him but without success. And we have left off trying to kill him, for he seems to have a charmed life.'

We looked at the bird with eager interest. It was not the bald eagle which we have made the emblem of our country; but the noblest of the tribe, the golden eagle, the native king of the mountains and solitary woods.

It was a strange coincidence. It seemed indeed as if the spirit of Paugus in the form of that fierce bird was brooding over the scene of his conflicts and death. And as if now when all but the memory of his race is extinct, his spirit would fain linger about the hunting grounds, which long ago had passed into the possession of the descendants of his foes.

Portsmouth Journal. J.

POPULAR VIEWS IN MEDICINE.

BY AN EDINBURGH PHYSICIAN.

A very common practice in eating such fruit as cherries, is to swallow the stones, with the vague notion that these promote digestion. No error can be more fatally absurd. Many cases have occurred where such practices have been the cause of death, and that of the most excruciating nature. One instance is on record of a lady who died in great agony of suffering, and the cause was found to be several large balls found in the intestines, accumulated around clusters of cherry stones. The husks of gooseberries are often swallowed with the idea that they prevent any bad effects from the fruit. On the contrary, they are the most indigestible substance that can be swallowed, and pass the stomach without any change, although they cause excessive irritation, and not unfrequently inflammation of the bowels.

Many people put great faith in the wholesomeness of eating one dish at dinner. They suppose that the mixture of substances prevents easy digestion. They would not eat fish and flesh, fowl and beef, animal food and vegetables. This seems a plausible notion, but daily practice shows its utter absurdity. What dinner sits easier on the stomach than a slice of roast or boiled mutton, and carrots or turnips, and the indispensable potato. When has man ever felt the worse for a cut of cod or turbot, followed by a beefsteak, or slice of roast beef and pudding? In short, a variety of wholesome food does not seem incompatible at meals, *if one does not eat too much*—here the error lies.

It is a common practice with bathers, after having walked on a hot day to the sea-side, to sit on the cold damp rocks till they are cool before going into the water. This is quite erroneous. Never go into the water when over fatigued, after profuse and long continued perspiration, but always prefer plunging in while warm, strong and vigorous, and even with the first drops of perspiration on your brow. There is no fear of sudden transition from heat to cold proving fatal. Many nations run from the hot bath and plunge naked in the snow. What is to be feared is sudden cold after exhaustion of the body, and while the animal power are not sufficient to produce a reaction or recovery of the animal heat.

Many people so laud early rising, as would lead one to suppose that sleep was one of those lazy, sluggish and bad practices, that the sooner the custom was abolished the better. Sleep is as necessary to a man as food, and as some do with one-third of the food that others absolutely require, so five hours' sleep is amply sufficient for one, while another requires seven or eight hours. Some men cannot by any possibility sleep more than four or five hours in the twenty-four; and therefore, true to the inherent selfishness of human nature, they abuse all those who sleep longer. No man should be taunted for sleeping eight hours if he can.

Many people do not eat salt with their food, and the fair sex have a notion that the substance darkens the complexion. Salt seems essential for the health of every human being. Without salt the body becomes infected with intestinal worms. The case of a lady is mentioned in a medical journal who had a natural antipathy to salt, and never used it with food; the consequence was, she became dreadfully infested with these animals. A punishment once existed in Holland by which criminals were denied the use of salt; the same consequence followed with those wretched beings. We rather think a prejudice exists with some, of giving little or no salt to children. No practice can be more cruel or absurb.

One great cause of reluctance of medicine among the ignorant, is the idea, that many, if not all the powders and portions are made from human bones, and other parts of the body. In this present day no such thing exists; but yet nothing can better exemplify the saying, 'that popular prejudices are the cast off clothes of philosophers, in which the rabble dress themselves,' than the fact that the great Lord Bacon believed in amulets; and Boyle recommends the thigh bone of an executed criminal as a powerful remedy in dysentery. Two thirds of the medicines in common use are dried roots, or leaves, or fruits, or gums of vegetables, reduced to powder, or infused in water or spirits of wine; the other third are salts obtained from sea-water, from the waters of mineral springs, from burnt sea-weed or land vegetables, and from various preparations of metals. Many a child has turned with horror from a common emetic powder, under the false conception that it was human liver pounded, when he would have even cheerfully taken of the nauseating draught had he been told that it was nothing more than clean scraped roots of a beautiful little flowering plant that grows in warm countries, called ipecacuanha. It is not an uncommon observation, and sort of taunt, to the medical man, that his drugs are all disagreeable to the palate. People ought to know that this is a wise provision of nature. What, for instance, would be the consequence if the fruit whose pulp bears the bitter purging colocynth, were as inviting to the taste as pine-apple? Or how could the ignorant be restrained from every day poisoning themselves, if fox-glove, hemlock, or hen-bane, bore enticing fruits?

Another general reproach among the uninformed is, that in the present day physicians disdain to employ in their prescriptions the native plants of this country. This reproach is quite unfounded; there is never a day that some of our native vegetables are not prescribed: but undoubtedly some of the most active and most valuable medicines can only be procured from other climates.

How far is it to Church?—To judge from the reports of the Missionaries, this is a question seldom asked in New Zealand. 'I have had sometimes,' says one of them, 'my house beset *before day-break*, by natives coming for instruction. They think nothing of coming the distance of ten miles and some *twenty* miles.' Another writes that parties frequently come *forty* miles. How strange it is that familiarity with blessings creates indifference to them. We are acquainted with one veteran Churchman who walks eight miles on every Lord's day to attend divine worship. But there are very few who do not ask, 'how far is it to Church?'

Missionary.

Extract of a letter from Constantinople, dated 1st inst:—'The Sultan, alarmed at the frightful progress of the plague, recently convoked a divan, at which the Scheik Islam (principal law officer,) all the Vlemas, and the Ministers were present. The Sultan asked why that capital should be more afflicted with the pestilence than the rest of Europe. The Vlemas replied that Europe had adopted precautionary measures which were forbidden by the Koran. The Sultan then ordered the Sheik Islam to quote the passage alluded to. On the promise made by that officer to give a new interpretation to the passage, the Sultan has ordered a religious ordonnance to be prepared, which, with the assistance of the Mussulman clergy, will put it in his power to order the establishment of a quarantine throughout the whole empire. This heroic reform inspires hope for the future, but, for the present, offers no consolation in the midst of the ravages to which the capital is now exposed.

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